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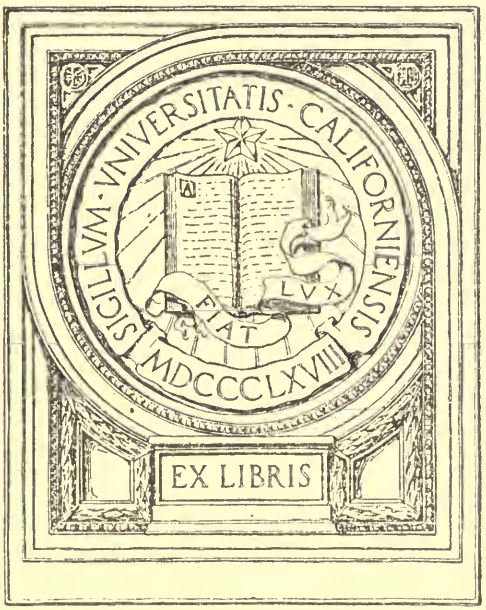

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

Notes, Historical and Critical.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

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EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MR. GAY TO DR. ARBUTHNOT, OR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

HANOVER, AUG. 16, 1714.

YOU remember, I suppose, that I was to write you abundance of letters from Hanover; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing, that is necessary to establish the character of a politician; which is, to seem always to be full of affairs of state; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politicks are collected from news-papers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without than an artizan without his tools; I mean the terms of his art. I call it an art, or a science, because I think the king of France has established an academy to instruct the young Machiavelians of his country in the deep and profound science of politicks. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to

speak in the style of sir John Falstaff) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treatises, &c. And as a dictionary of law terms is thought necessary for young beginners; so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politicks being not so numerous as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included), I thought fit to extract them in the same manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author has compiled his learned treatise of the law, called "The Doctor and Student." I have not made any great progress in this piece: but, however, I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

Politician. What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with?

Student. Ministers of state.

Politician. What are the two great qualities of a minister of state?

Student. Secrecy and dispatch.

Politician. Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided?

Student. Into two. First, ministers of state at home; secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

Politician. Very right. Now as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall wave saying any thing of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers?

Student. The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow: first, plenipotentiaries; second, embassadors

embassadors extraordinary; third, embassadors in ordinary; fourth, envoys extraordinary; fifth, envoys in ordinary; sixth, residents; seventh, consuls; and eighth, secretaries.

Politician. How is a foreign minister to be known?

Student. By his credentials.

Politician. When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered?

Student. Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

Politician. How many kinds of audiences are there?

Student. Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

Politician. What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has his first audience?

Student. He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his long periwig before, *&c.*

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgment of the usefulness of this politic treatise. Wicquefort, it is true, can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct of an embassador in all his negotiations: but I design this only as a compendium, or the embassador's manual, or *vade mecum.*

I have writ so far of this letter, and do not know who to send it to; but I have now determined to send it, either to Dr. Arbuthnot, the Dean of St. Patrick's, or to both. My lord Clarendon is very much approved of at court, and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much

variety of diversions: what we did yesterday and to-day we shall do to-morrow: which is, to go to court, and walk in the gardens at Herenhausen. If I write any more, my letter will be just like my diversions, the same thing over and over again.

So, sirs,

Your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all my errata.

FROM MR. JERVAS * TO MR. POPE.

AUG. 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know how I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use, not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations

* Sufficient justice does not seem to be done to Jervas, all whose letters evince the man of sense, kindness, benevolence, and sincerity. BOWLES.

were

were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped, even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you should be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I inclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Yours, &c.

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. JERVAS.

AUG. 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned

cerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion,

O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright! &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me; so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man: nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who mis-informed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever

whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift* and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty—A curse on the word *party*, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign† may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honest and Knave, Fool and Man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, &c.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

LONDON, SEPT. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most

* See a curious account, by bishop Kennett, of Swift's interesting himself for Pope, in vol. X. under the year 1713. N.

† Unfortunately it did not put an end to party distinctions; but, by proscribing the Tories, heightened and continued the animosity of both parties. WARTON.

despisable

despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused *Scriblerus*, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected, among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord * sealed up: then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender; and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the "Key to the Lock."

Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends; to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit; and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste; only, that I will never forgive you, if you cannot use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

* Lord Bolingbroke's papers were sealed up at this time. N.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, SEPT. 14, 1714.

I HOPE your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given, are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons, as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free as to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep, than that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, beside your being too young; that whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art, that they would better deserve, than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits, "that half the pains which some men take to be damned, would have

have compassed their salvation:" this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends: but, if I see the old Whig measures taken in the next elections; and that the Court, the Bank, East India, and South Sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority; I shall lie down and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the House of Commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.—And so, having dispatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of Ireland dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river into the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ*; and say, that *res nolunt diu malè administrari.* But I will cut all short, and assure you, that if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a stirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now smoking with your humdrum squire (I forget his name), who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the Deanery, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the Court: and as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The —— take this country; it has, in three weeks, spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was issued out against. And since we talk of that, will there not be * * * * * * * * * †? I shall be cured of loving England, as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

I would retire too, if I could; but my country seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But, in return, I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them, by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between your lordship and me, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

† Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible. D. S.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, OCT. 19, 1714.

EVEN in affliction, your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen which you had when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of cheerfulness and temper under afflictions. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are, like so many poor orphans, exposed in the very streets: and those, whose past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour; which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my lord and lady Masham to-day, where we will, as usually, remember you.

You have read, ere this time, "The History of the White Staff*," which is either contrived by an

* A pamphlet written by Mr. Daniel De Foe, and published in 1714, in 8vo, in two parts, under the title of "The Secret History of the White Staff;" being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened if her majesty had not died. Soon after the publication of it, came out, in 8vo, "A detection of the sophistry

enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance; and I have told some of his nearest friends so. All the Dragon * can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all † can hardly speak of him with patience. The Conde acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the king, and talks to him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had any body to have acted along with him: *nos numerus sumus, &c.* The man you speak of is just as you describe, so I beg pardon. Shadwell says, he will have my place of Chelsea. Garth told me, his merit was, giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day, when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the idea † of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing

try and falsities of the pamphlet, intituled, 'The Secret History of the White Staff,' containing an enquiry into the Staff's conduct in the late management, particularly with respect to the Protestant succession." B.

* The earl of Oxford. N. † Probably king George I. B.

‡ This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world, subsist only in idea. H.

a contrary

a contrary one. Poor Gay is much where he was, only out of the duchess's * family and service. He has some confidence in the princess and countess of Picborough; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the English ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. (She is really a person that I believe will give great content to every body.) But Gay was in such a groveling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his Muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news, than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD †.

DEAR SIR, OCT. 19, 1714.

I THANK you kindly for yours, with the enclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to "The History of the White Staff ‡;" but that there really is no answer to it, more than a thing that rises just out of what is said in the History; none writ on purpose by any one that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed writ by concert of the persons that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to

* The duchess of Monmouth. H.

† Written on the same paper with the last. H.

‡ See before, p. 12. N.

read.

read. The Dragon denies it; but, as I told the Governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner, else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go on at the usual rate. I am at uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. George Fielding and brigadier Briton are grooms of the bedchamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying between two that you know. I am told that the great person of all has spoke more contemptibly of the Dragon than of any body, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great content to every body. I will add no more, being to write on the other side to the Dean; which pray forward.

TO SIR ARTHUR LANGFORD.

SIR, TRIM, OCT. 30, 1714.

I WAS to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant that you are not to be seen till toward evening, which, at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot easily be compassed. My principal business was, to let you know, that since my last return from England many persons have complained to me, that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew Rowley in Dublin, when he came to me

with this message from you; but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way; and I hope you will remember at the same time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote nor encourage, much less give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the Dissenters in Ireland are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of yours is a new thing, in a new place entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. It has been the weakness of the Dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state which appeared to give them the least encouragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, has proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate Churchmen may be apt to resent, when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the Established Religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good Churchmen will submit; but till then we can hardly see it without betraying our church. I hope therefore you will not think it hard if I take those methods which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall think fit, from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant, B.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, NOV. 4, 1714.

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the mean time I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by what the publick prints told you of the proceedings of the great men toward the earl of Strafford and Mr. Prior. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by——

I am, *&c.*

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

DUBLIN, 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

FROM THE SAME.

DUBLIN, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have born the rack much better than those killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it: and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live*.

* A letter from Dr. Swift, dated Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1714, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD*.

DEAR FRIEND, NOV. 1714.

I HOPE this will find you in good health; and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the Dragon thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change; the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet saw, seeming perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said, that there is but one dragon *in rerum naturâ*. I do not know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied, that there will not be that one Dragon left, if some people have their will. Haly Bassa, they say, struggles for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it†. I have given you the trouble of the adjoined for the Dean, as also a scrap of a letter for him which we had begun at our club, but did not finish; Dr. Parnell not going, as he said.

I am not yet out, but expect to be soon. Adieu.

a mile from Trim, when Miss Vanhomrigh's servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at Kilrhohid, and would go to town on the Monday following, to her lodging in Turnstile alley. He concludes thus; "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu." H.

* Endorsed, "Received Dec. 2, 1714." H.

† Daniel earl of Nottingham. B.

I had almost forgot to tell you of the Pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpose: "That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time; but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death."

FROM THE SAME *.

DEAR BROTHER, NOV. 1714.

I SEND you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman †, at whose lodgings we wrote, is gone for France. I really value your judgment extremely in choosing your friends. I think worthy Mr. Ford is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu processerat, &c.* Though, by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, nobody now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The Parnellian, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you

* Written on the same paper with the last. N.

† The duke of Ormond. N.

that

that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to lose my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say, I think there is one thing in your circumstance, that must make any man happy; which is, a liberty to preach. Such a prodigious privilege, that if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy, that has the opportunity of venting himself to a whole congregation once a week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you do not judge right. As for news, I never enquire about it. *Fuimus Troes, &c. Sed nunc ferox Jupiter transtulit omnia ad Argos.*

My present politicks is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The Dragon, I am afraid, will be struck at. Adieu, in haste.

I must not forget to tell you a passage of the Pretender's declaration, to this purpose "That he had, *&c.*" *

* Here the words in p. 20, are repeated. N.

TO MONSIEUR GIRALDI *.

DE DUBLIN EN YRLANDE,

MONSIEUR, FEVRIER 25, 1714-15.

JE prens la liberté de vous présenter le porteur de celui-ci, monsieur Howard, gentilhomme savant et de condition de ce pays-ci; qui prétend de faire le tour d'Italie; et qui étant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college ici, veut en voyageant parmi les catholiques s'opiniatrer plus dans son hérésie. Et après tout, monsieur, il n'est que juste, puisque vous avez dérobé notre franchise Angloise pour l'ajouter à votre politesse Italienne, que quelques-uns de nous-autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous faire des représailles. Vous me souffrirez aussi de vous prier de présenter mes très humbles devoirs à son altesse royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, monsieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il étoit tout-à-fait impossible de raccommoder mes amis du ministère, je me retirai à la campagne en Berkshire, d'où après ce triste événement je suis venu en Yrlande, où je demeure en mon doyenné, et attens avec la résignation d'un bon chrétien la ruine de notre cause et de mes amis, menacés tous les jours par la faction dominante. Car ces messieurs sont tout-à-fait résolu de trancher une demi-douzaine de têtes des meilleures d'Angleterre, et que vous avez fort bien connues et estimées. Dieu sait quel en sera l'événement. Pour moi j'ai quitté pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission

* Secretary to the duke of Tuscany. H.

des

des bonnes gens qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeurerai la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire, que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, monsieur, votre, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, JUNE 28, 1715.

MY lord bishop of Clogher * gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in publick events: for, if your friends the Whigs † continue, you may,

* Dr. St. George Ashe, formerly a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a pupil) afterward Bishop of Clogher, 1697; and translated to the see of Derry in 1716-17. It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnson, 1716-17; and performed the ceremony in a garden. DR. WARTON.

† No man perhaps was ever less entitled to the honourable name of a Whig than Pope: every thing connected with the House of Hanover was his aversion. Possibly, however, there was some *finesse* in his professions: when things were *in dubio*, it might be political to have such a character as he describes himself afterwards:

"In moderation placing all my glory,
Whilst Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory."

But,

hope for some favour; if the Tories return *, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the duke of Ormond is to me †: do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads; *I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros*——Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the first of August ‡.

But, when the issue was determined; when the Whigs succeeded, and he was not thought of, at least by the court; his asperity gradually increased against every thing connected with the Whig interest; hence his personal animosity against the king and queen; his affected contempt of their establishment; and his derision of the "penury" and "dullness" (as he affects to speak) of their residence at St. James's and Windsor. Bowles.

* In a manuscript letter of lord Bolingbroke it is said, "that George I. set out from Hanover with a resolution of oppressing no set of men that would be quiet subjects. But as soon as he came into Holland a contrary resolution was taken at the earnest importunity of the allies, and particularly of Heinsius, and some of the Whigs. Lord Townshend came triumphing to acquaint lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and persecution which they intended, and to which the king had at last consented. The old peer asked what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like those of the Roman Triumvirate."

Dr. Warton.

† The warmth of Swift in favour of his friends is natural and interesting. He disdained the idea of not meeting manfully whatever might be brought against him, though he knew the publick mind was inflamed. Bolingbroke thought it best to abscond. Bowles.

‡ There was a great eclipse at this time. He alludes to the death of queen Anne on the 1st of August. Bowles.

I borrowed

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes * to war and gods. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little too obscure: but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay †. You were pretty bold in mentioning lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times ‡.

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I

* He was frequently carping at Pope for bad rhymes in many other parts of his works. His own were remarkably exact. DR. WARTON.

† Given to him by Parnell; and with which Pope told Mr. Spence, he was never well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again. DR. WARTON.

‡ Put these last two observations together, and it will appear that Mr. Pope was never wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would he insult a ministry to humour them. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that "he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expence of another." See the "Letter to a noble Lord." WARBURTON.

can

can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind * before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand, that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton pie, and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay.

I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

* Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition as in this and some other letters of the Dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the queen's last ministry, we are surprised that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland. The fact is, his friends, though ministers, had it not in their power to do more for him than they did; but, as is the constant practice of all ministers, artfully concealed from him their inability to serve him, to keep him steady in his dependence on them. DR. WARTON.

Warton speaks here of the ministers of queen Anne, who (particularly lord Oxford) expressed the greatest attachment and obligations to Swift. The subsequent cause of his disappointment is to be found in Coxe's Memoirs. I cannot, however, perceive any great cause of complaint, when a person, although of eminent talents, yet being born to no patrimony, talks (at the same time that he expresses his disappointment) of having "a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid!" who "eats a mutton pie, and drinks half a pint of

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, JULY 19, 1715.

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances: yet I could never forgive myself, if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a house of lords or commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country, that this age has produced: and I have already taken care that you shall be so represented to posterity, in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordship; who, next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behaviour under this pro-

of wine, when he does not dine abroad, or give an entertainment;" and whose amusements are, defending his small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce his rebellious choir!" He may say of himself, "*Perditur hæc inter misero lux;*" but how many men of equal talents, if not superior virtues, are there, who would think their talents amply remunerated by half his income! BOWLES.

secution

secution astonishes every one but me, who know you so well, and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to discompose you. I have seen your lordship labouring under great difficulties, and exposed to great dangers, and overcoming both, by the providence of God, and your own wisdom and courage. Your life has been already attempted by private malice; it is now pursued by publick resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will, I trust, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

I can write no more. You suffer for a good cause; for having preserved your country, and for having been the great instrument, under God, of his present majesty's peaceable accession to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world shall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he has endowed you with! Farewell.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

AUG. 6, 1715.

I RECEIVED your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you: I desire to hear your complaints, and will always share them, when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced that a comet will make

make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe, than all the petty changes that can be occasioned by governments and ministers. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance, to think of methods to save one's self and family in such a terrible shock, when this whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I consider myself as a poor passenger; and "that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed for me." But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who, for some misbehaviour, are condemned, in this revolution of things, to govern a chapter, and a choir of singing-men. I am sure I should think myself happy, if I had only such a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters; else they would give you more occupation. You see I begin with philosophy. As to business, I this moment saw the Dragon. He had your letters, and shewed them to me some time ago, and seems to be mighty fond of the project; only he is to be at Wimple, and not in Herefordshire, and it is but a step farther. He is to write this night, if you believe him, to that very purpose; nay, I am to have the letter to inclose, and I intend to keep mine open till eleven. It is strange that you should imagine the Dragon had cast his *exuviæ* in his den *, or that confinement is a cure for inactivity; so far from it, all these habits are ten times stronger upon him than ever. Lewis will furnish you with a collection of new stories, that are as far beyond the old ones as you can imagine. Therefore I say again,

* He was sent to the Tower. H.

come,

come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe. Your own letter will furnish you with topicks to conquer your melancholy. For in such a mutability, what is it that must not in time cast up? Even the return of that brother * you mention. And as philosophical as I am, I should he very sad if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends, though the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be caressed as much as ever, and by some that bore you no good-will formerly. Do you think there is no pleasure in hearing the Hanover club † declaim upon the clemency and gentleness of the late reign, and a thousand stranger things? As for the constitution, it is in no more danger than a strong man that has got a little surfeit by drunkenness. All will be well, and people recover their sober senses every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day, lady Masham; Jo. Drummond, the Judge, &c.; when you will be remembered. I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns. Sure you are a very ill husband, for you had the complete thousand when you was in England, and sixpence of another thousand given by the Dragon. I remember that full well. Lewis is gone his progress. I shall be at Bath in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the person I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before Michaelmas, with Rosingrave's teaching; and he has a good voice.

* Bolingbroke. H.

† Hanover club, of which Ambrose Philips, Esq. was secretary. H.

FROM DR. FREIND *.

MR. DEAN, WESTM. SEPT. 20, 1715.

I AM much obliged to lady Kerry for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. Fitzmaurice † is very promising, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen or heard from any one that was concerned for him, till I had the favour of yours; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon yours. This will be brought to you by your kinsman, Mr. Rolt. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himself very well here. He is not of the highest sort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and I believe, deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in, may be endured without much regret; however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop ‡ and my brother § are much yours, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you will be able to guess how soon that may happen. May it be as as soon as is wished by, sir,

Your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

R. FREIND.

* Robert Freind, D. D. master of Westminster school. B.

† He had been placed at the school by Swift. N.

‡ Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. B.

§ John Freind, M. D. B.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, OCT. 17, 1715.

I WAS extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is so hard for them to write to you, and by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great as to blind you of the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am sure, some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleased, that my friend * was safe as to his person, but very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfied. It is with difficulty I do hear; but now and then a straggling body brings me an account of him: for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftener than I have done for some months past: for no friend you have has more respect for you, than your most humble servant.

Your niece Betty † is your humble servant.

* The duke, who, being suspected of treasonable practices or designs, went abroad. H.

† Her grace's daughter. H.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, MARCH 24, 1715-16.

AS much as your lordship's thoughts and time are employed at present, you must give me leave to interrupt them, and which is worse, for a trifle; though, by the accidents of time and party, of some consequence and great vexation to me. I am here at the head of three and twenty dignitaries and prebendaries, whereof the major part, differing from me in principles, have taken a fancy to oppose me upon all occasions in the chapter-house *; and a ringleader among them has presumed to debate my power of proposing, or my negative, though it is what the deans of this cathedral have possessed for time immemorial, and what has never been once disputed. Our constitution was taken from that of Sarum; and the knowledge of what is practised there in the like case would be of great use to me. I have written this post to Dr. Younger †, to desire he would inform me in this matter; but, having only a slender acquaintance with him, I would beg

* For some time after Swift's settlement in Dublin, his former and most intimate correspondent, Abp. King, with some of his old friends, but chiefly Mr. Dougat the chaunter, and nephew to the archbishop, set themselves against his jurisdiction with all their force, &c. See a spirited letter of Swift's to Abp. King (whose prejudices appear to have continued long after), dated May 18, 1727. N.

† D. D. of Magdalen College, Oxford. He obtained the deanery of Salisbury in 1705; died Feb. 27, 1727-8; and was buried under the South aile of St. Paul's cathedral, without any monument. N.

your lordship to second my request, that the dean would please to let me know the practice of his cathedral, and his power in this point. I would likewise desire your lordship to let me know how it is at Westminster, and the two other cathedrals, with whose customs you may be acquainted.

Pray, my lord, pardon this idle request from one that loves and esteems you, as you know I do. I once thought it would never be my misfortune to entertain you at so scurvy a rate, at least not at so great a distance, or with so much constraint:

" Sis felix, nostrumque leves [I do not like *quicunque* *] laborem:

" Et quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris

" Jactemur, doceas †."

The greatest felicity I now have is, that I am utterly ignorant of the most public events that happen in the world:

" Multa gemens ‡ ignominiam plagasque," &c.

I am with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, Your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant, JON. SWIFT.

* The *quæcunque* of Virgil was more favourable to the zealous admirers of the memory of queen Anne. N.

† " But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
" What earth we tread, or who commands the coast."
Dryden, Æn. i. 457. N.

‡ This phrase seems to have been deeply impressed on the Dean's mind. He uses it again, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727; " I forgave sir Robert a thousand pounds, *multa gemens*." The line above is from Virgil, Georg. iii. 226. N.

FROM BISHOP ATTERBURY.

GOOD MR. DEAN, BROMLEY*, APRIL 6, 1716.

MY gout kept me so long a prisoner at Westminster this winter, that I have fixed at Bromley this spring much sooner than ever I yet did; for which reason my meeting with Dr. Younger will be more difficult than it would be, had I been still at the deanery †.

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter about which you write, which will please you. His deanery ‡ is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such whose presence is not necessary toward the dispatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deaneries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to shew you, that a nice search into the peculiar rights of the dean of Sarum will be needless, if not mischievous to you. The three deaneries § which I have had, are all of the new founda-

* Bromley in Kent, where the bishops of Rochester have an episcopal palace. H.

† Of Westminster, which has long been connected with the bishoprick of Rochester. H. ‡ Of Salisbury. N.

§ Carlisle, Christ Church, and Westminster. N.

tion, by Henry VIII. or queen Elizabeth. In the charters of all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (Carlisle) the dean's consent, in all the *graviores causæ*, is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c. which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of chapters. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be transacted. But if any one else of the body will propose any thing, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches where his absence does not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to any thing there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever such points come before them

them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and customs in such cases; and to say that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without considering whether the dean be among the minority or not. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one (especially as things now stand), will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand (the last of these is highly probable), you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice, I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequence of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say any thing more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship, is not to deceive you.

There is a statute* in the latter end of king Henry the Eighth's reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the leases of hospitals, &c. and the tenour of it, did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say, that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the most, implies it only as to such deaneries, &c. where the dean, master, &c. have the right of

* 33 Hen. VIII. c. 27. N.

a negative,

a negative, by statute or usage. A few lawyers there are, who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include Ireland. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in England.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorrier that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in English or Latin, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, APRIL 18, 1716.

I AM extremely obliged to your lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in answering at length a very insignificant letter. I shall entirely follow your lordship's advice to the best of my skill. Your conjectures from whence my difficulties take their rise are perfectly true. It is all party. But the right is certainly on my side, if there be any thing in constant immemorial custom. Besides, though the first scheme of this cathedral was brought from

from Sarum, yet by several subsequent grants, from popes, kings, archbishops, and acts of parliament, the dean has great prerogatives. He visits the chapter as ordinary, and the archbishop only visits by the dean. The dean can suspend and sequester any member, and punishes all crimes except heresy, and one or two more reserved for the archbishop. No lease can be let without him. He holds a court leet in his district, and is exempt from the lord mayor, &c. No chapter can be called but by him, and he dissolves them at pleasure. He disposes absolutely of the petty canons and vicars choral places. All the dignitaries, &c. swear canonical obedience to him. These circumstances put together, I presume, may alter the case in your lordship's judgment. However, I shall, as your lordship directs me, do my utmost to divert this controversy as much as I can. I must add one thing, that no dignitary can preside without a power from the dean, who, in his absence, makes a subdean, and limits him as he pleases. And so much for deaneries, which I hope I shall never trouble your lordship with again.

I send this enclosed, and without superscription, to be sent or delivered to you by a famous friend of mine, and devoted servant of your lordship's.

I congratulate with England for joining with us here in the fellowship of slavery. It is not so terrible a thing as you imagine: we have long lived under it; and whenever you are disposed to know how you ought to behave yourself in your new condition, you need go no farther than me for a director. But, because we are resolved to go beyond you, we have transmitted a bill to England, to

be returned here, giving the government and six of the council power for three years to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination: and I expect to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed. We have also outdone you in the business of Ben Hoadly; and have recommended to a bishoprick one * whom you would not allow a curate in the smallest of your parishes. Does your lordship know that, as much as I have been used to lies in England, I am under a thousand uneasinesses about some reports relating to a person † that you and I love very well? I have writ to a lady ‡ upon that subject, and am impatient for an answer. I am gathering up a thousand pounds, and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales.

God Almighty preserve your lordship *miseris succurrere rebus*, whether you understand or relish Latin or no. But it is a great deal your fault if you suffer us all to be undone; for God never gave such talents without expecting they should be used to preserve a nation. There is a doctor § in your neighbourhood, to whom I am a very humble servant. I am, with great respect, your lordship's most dutiful, &c. JON. SWIFT.

Some persons go this summer for England; and if Dr. Younger || be talked with, I hope you will so order it that it may not be to my disadvantage.

* Dr. Charles Carr, bishop of Killaloe. N.

† From the following note, the person alluded to appears to be lord Bolingbroke. N.

‡ Lady Bolingbroke. See her answer, dated Aug. 4, 1716. N.

§ Dr. R. Freind. N.

|| See p. 33. N.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE *.

MR. DEAN, LONDON, MAY 5, 1716.

YOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vanishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; business called me hither; and when that is finished I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleased to enquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country, whither I shall go next week, will, I hope, set me up. As to my temper, if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet seen her grace †, but design it in a day or two: we have kept a constant correspondence ever since our misfortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is nobody in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I send this to my friend John, and beg you, when you do me the favour of an

* Daughter and coheiress of sir Henry Winchcomb, of Bucklebury, Berks, bart. Mr. St. John married this lady in 1700. N.

† The duchess of Ormond. S.

answer,

answer, to send it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your letter lay a long while before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me, what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, GALLSTOWN, JUNE 17, 1716.

I HAVE an account by this post that your grace intends in two or three days to go for England. I heartily wish you a good voyage, and a speedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and success in all your undertakings for the service of the church. I lately applied myself to some persons who I thought had credit with your grace, that they would prevail on you to consent that Mr. Dopping should have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberlain, upon surrendering a sinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might succeed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not disinclined to this scheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberlain, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of showing his abilities in one parish as in the other. I should add my humble entreaties to your grace to consent to this proposal, if I had not so many reasons to apprehend

apprehend that it would succeed just so much the worse for my solicitation. I confess, every friend I have, discovered long before myself that I had wholly lost your grace's favour, and this to a degree that all whom I was disposed to serve were sure to thrive the worse for my friendship to them; particularly, I have been assured that Mr. Wall would not have failed of the prebend of Malahiddart, if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alledged, that, according to your grace's own scheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages, it would almost have fallen to him of course; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor should quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that disappointment, and I was so free as to ask him, whether he thought my friendship had done him hurt; but he was either so meek, or so fearful of offending, that he would by no means impute his misfortune to any thing beside his want of merit, and some misrepresentations; which latter I must confess to have found with grief, to have more than once influenced you against some, who by their conduct to your grace have deserved a quite different treatment. With respect to myself, I can assure your grace, that those who are most in your confidence make it no manner of secret, that several clergymen have lost your grace's favour by their civilities to me. I do not say any thing of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of spirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be possible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I shall be able to

do

do very little good in the small station I am placed. The friendship I had with the late ministry, and the trust they were pleased to repose in me, were chiefly applied to do all the service to the church that I was able. I had no ill designs, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual advocate for all men of merit without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men, and in a more particular manner for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were misrepresented, and you seemed desirous to be set right. And upon the whole, this I can faithfully assure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer, and one that was providing against a change, for no other reason but defending your grace's principles in church and state; which I think might pass for some kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favour. And I cannot but think it hard, that I must upon all occasions be made uneasy in my station, have dormant prebends revived on purpose to oppose me, and this openly acknowledged by those who say they act under your grace's direction. That instead of being able to do a good office to a deserving friend, as all my predecessors have been, it is thought a matter of accusation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I must think to be hard treatment, and though I regard not the consequences as far as they are intended to affect myself, yet your grace may live to lament those which from thence may happen to the church.

When I was first made dean, your grace was pleased, in a very condescending manner, to write

to

to me that you desired my friendship: I was then in the service of the ministry, and the peace was made; and if I had any share in their ill designs I was then guilty, but I do not know that I have ever done any thing since to forfeit your good opinion: I confess I lost many friends by the queen's death, but I will never imagine your grace to be of the number.

I have given your grace too long a trouble. I humbly beg your blessing, and shall remain ever, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE *.

JUNE 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas, without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less †, and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world; whom (popishly speaking) I be-

* All Pope's letters to Swift seem more than usually affected, and laboured. BOWLES.

† Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner. WARBURTON.

lieve

lieve constantly well-disposed toward me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived at that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalate, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one * in my name †. This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the marquis de Langallere ‡, wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in: If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome

* In Curll's collection. WARBURTON.

† Warton says, "It is observable that he doth not deny his being the writer of them." I have little doubt that he was so. The Psalm is printed in the "Additions to Pope's Works." BOWLES.

‡ One who made a noise then, as count Bonneval has done since. WARBURTON.

I judge

I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition *; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family; so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason: that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not the time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am and always will be with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, &c.

* These words are remarkable. What would he have said, if he had seen what has happened in France [1794]? and what is likely to happen, by the diffusion of learning and science, in all the other catholic countries of Europe? Such events are stupendous; *Non hæc sine numine Divûm eveniunt.* WARTON.

And what would he have said, if he had seen the finale of that terrible drama in France, called the Revolution? Let me, however, speak of one singular man, as far as my own feelings go; and, odious as are his atrocities, still I should confess, if I were a Frenchman, my obligation to him, for *saving* me from the bloody mercies of those whom Mr. Southey calls, more enthusiastically than wisely,

——"The *All-mighty People!*
Who *will'd* they would be free!!" BOWLES.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, AUG. 4, 1716.

I WISH your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since it is my fate, I must bear it with patience, and perfect it if I can; for there is nothing like following business one's self. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of yours; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if she says she is glad it is as it is, though it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented; and, by that means, he may be restored to his country once more with honour; or else, however harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself, nor my health, of any consequence, till lately; and since you tell me it is so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing, but to neglect distressed friends. Those few friends I meet with now, are worth a thousand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that

that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the duchess of Ormond. She had always company, and some, that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve; but I will study all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us two to meet, that I might assure you, in person, that I am yours most faithfully.

P. S. Yours came safe: I hope this will to you. There is a lady who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble; I mean my tenant: she is now in the country, to my grief.

TO MR. POPE.

AUGUST 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. Ford, of whom, before any other question relating to your health, or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the court of Parnassus. If you do not grow

a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past: or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your popish sacraments do grace.—You sleep less, and drink more.—But your master Horace was *vini somnique benignus*:* and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to wine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering †."

* "Indulgent to himself in sleep and wine." Dr. WARTON.

† Milton's Paradise Lost, book ix. verse 23. On this passage Dr. Warton remarks, that "this is the only time Swift ever alludes to Milton; who was of an order of writers very different from what Swift admired and imitated;" an assertion which it may not be improper to controvert. To pass over an allusion to Milton's prose writings; he twice mentions "Paradise Lost" with commendation; but what is still more to the purpose, in the late excellent edition of Milton's "Poetical Works," by the Rev. H. J. Todd, vol. II. p. 157, a note is given from the margin of Swift's copy of "Paradise Lost;" which having excited my curiosity, I have been favoured with the following extract of a letter addressed to Mr. Todd from J. C. Walker, esq. well known to the literary world by his Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, and several other ingenious publications: "I had once in my possession a book which might be of great use to you, a copy of the Paradise Lost, with marginal notes in the handwriting of the celebrated Dean Swift, for the use of Mrs. Johnson and her friend Mrs. Dingley. But this book, which belonged to the late Mr. John Whiteway (whose name appears in Swift's will), is, I fear, lost; nor can I find an exact transcript which I made of

You are an ill catholick, or a worse geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell or Purgatory. And who are all those enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, 'squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot: tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper does not show you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant that one thorough bookselling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in critick or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the publick, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although rats-

of these notes. It is true these notes were rather explanatory than critical; they served to justify Dr. Johnson's assertion, "that Stella had not much literature."—By the remarks on bishop Burnet's preface to the "History of the Reformation;" on "Gibbs's Psalms;" and on "Mackay's Characters;" some idea may be formed of the value of his marginal notes. And it may not be unacceptable to the curious to be informed that in the library of the late marquis of Lansdown was preserved the Dean's copy of Herbert's History of Henry VIII. (which, it appears in vol. I. he had in 1696-7 been reading with attention); and also his copy of bishop Burnet's "History of the Reformation." N.

bane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home, by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe farther, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there †?

* Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works. WARBURTON.

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, "Dermot and Sheelah." WARBURTON.

Lastly,

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you think proper to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am with the truest esteem, Yours, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, SEPTEMBER 14, 1716.

I HAD the ill fortune to miss of that letter you upbraided me with. I had deserved any reproaches you could make me, if it had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries after me. I will make you wish you had not been so angry with me: for I will scrawl out myself, what you would rather Betty or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it; but I will answer every part of yours, that you obliged me with by Mr. Ford.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier, than either she, or any of her sex could be; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe hers has effectually done what lay in him.

You

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when every thing was thought done, a sudden blast has blown all hopes away, and then they give me fresh expectations. In the mean time I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away; that I shall not so much as have a bed to lie upon, but what I must buy; and no money of my own to do that with; so that you may imagine me in a cheerful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman * you inquired after is very well now. The illness you heard he had, he has been subject to a good while. What you desire, I wish were in the power of either his brother or me; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they say, that the clothes upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there, that if I had not come to the physicians, I cannot tell what might have happened. My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you would have wished? But you will find by this, that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of them rest. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but just room to tell you, I wish much to see you here, if it could be with your satisfaction; and that I am, with great sincerity, sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

* The Duke. See p. 32. N.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE*.

OCT. 23, 1716.

IT is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world, to know, that the most innocent things become criminal in some men, as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote; if such occasions could ever seem remote to men, who are under the direction of your able and honest friend sir Roger †.

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know, therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money which I brought over with me will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small

* Endorsed, "The Squire.—Received Nov. 7, 1716." N.

† Sir Roger is the name given to lord treasurer Oxford, in the history of John Bull. As Bolingbroke is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically. H.

fund,

fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one, *qui peut se retrancher même avec plaisir dans la médiocrité.* I use a French expression, because I have not one that pleases me ready in English. During several months after my leaving that obscure retreat, into which I had thrown myself last year, I went through all the mortifying circumstances imaginable. At present I enjoy, as far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is embittered, when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where hey grope about after blind guides; stumble from mistake to mistake; jostle against one another, and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself that there is no returning to light; no going out, but by going back. My style is mystick, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper, more than ever you did in your life*. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place.

* This is a strong picture of Swift's manner. H.

If you write to me, direct "*A Monsieur Charlot, chez Monsieur Cantillon, banquier, rue de l'Arbre sec* *." Once more adieu.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

SIR, PARIS, OCT. 28, 1716.

IF I was to see you again, you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago, not to have seen me. By the same rule, you might afford something not to hear from me; but the inclosed † came this morning to me, and I could not send it away, without adding a few lines to the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask how you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great designs go on at Laracor? Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny, and a few minutes, to answer these questions; and in return you shall know any thing you desire to know of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days sunshine to dry the roads, and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing himself at Rome, I wish Rome was a thousand leagues

* In Paris. H.

† The preceding letter of Lord Bolingbroke. N.

farther,

farther, that I might have more way to pass in France and Italy.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. Cantillon, banker in Paris.

I am, *&c.*

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, NOV. 13, 1716.

THE reason I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter, was, because it could only be a trouble, without either entertainment or use; for I am so much out, even of this little world, that I know not the commonest occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any sort of business, for I have nothing to ask but your blessing and favourable thoughts: only I conceived it ought not to be said, that your grace was several months absent in England, without one letter from the dean to pay his respects. My schemes are all circumscribed by the cathedral, and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened since your grace left it, except the election of Mr. Chamberlain to St. Nicholas, which passed quietly while I was absent in the country. I am purchasing a glebe, by the help of the trustees, for the vicarage of Laracor; and I have vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a clause in the deeds, as one consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first-fruits; which was accordingly inserted; but

hints were given it would not pass. Then the bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had, as I am told, a sum of money for their labour in that affair; who, upon my arrival at London to negotiate it, were one of them gone to Bath, and the other to Ireland: but it seems more reasonable to give bishops money for doing nothing, than a private gentleman thanks for succeeding where bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a bishop, that I might at least have got money. The tory clergy here seem ready for conversion, provoked by a parcel of obscure zealots in London, who, as we hear, are setting up a new church of England by themselves. By our intelligence, it seems to be a complication of as much folly, madness, hypocrisy, and mistake, as ever was offered to the world. If it be understood so on your side, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the interest of the court: who, if they were persuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the pretender without horror; under whom it is obvious that those refiners would have the greatest credit, and consequently every thing be null since the time of the revolution, and more havock made in a few months, than the most desponding among the tories can justly apprehend from the present management in as many years. These at least are, as I am told, the thoughts and reasonings of the high church people among us; but whether a court, in the midst of strength and security, will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the dispositions of people in the dust, is out of my reach.

The

The bishop of Dromore has never been in town since he went to his diocese, nor does he say any thing of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confused story of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provost *, and another put in his place. I know not the particulars; but am assured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provost to be a very honest gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the least inclined to speak ill of others of almost any person I have known. He has very good intentions; but the defect seems to be, that his views are short, various, and sudden; and I have reason to think, he hardly ever makes use of any other counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this matter since it was done, and I think his answers satisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern: my humble opinion is, that it would be much to his own ease, and of theirs who dislike him, if he were put into another station; and if you will not afford him a bishoprick, that you will let him succeed some rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provost had no other end in changing that lecturer, than a design of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made such a step as choosing the prince † chancellor, but from a resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present powers, in regard both to his ease and his interest; and in hopes of changing a post, wherein, to say the truth, he has been used by

* Dr. Pratt, afterwards dean of Down. F.

† George prince of Wales, afterwards king George II. F.

judges

judges and governors like any dog, and has suffered more by it in his health and honour, than I, with his patrimonial estate, would think it were worth. Here has been one Whittingham, in an ordination sermon, calling the clergy a thousand dumb dogs, and treating episcopacy as bad as Boyse*; yet no notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his advantage upon the next vacant bishoprick; and wagers are laid already, whether he or one Monk will be the man. But I forget myself; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant, &c.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

SIR, LONDON, SUFFOLK-STREET, NOV. 22, 1716.

I READ yours of the thirteenth instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also the publick; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here, that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good intelligence: and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in so many months I had not received any letter from you.

* An eminent dissenting teacher, minister of Wood-street meeting-house in Dublin, who wrote several tracts in favour of the dissenters. F.

I do

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did in procuring the twentieth parts and first-fruits: I know no reason for it, except the zeal I showed to do you justice in that particular from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst enemy I had in the world, I see no reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your witness. But be not concerned, ingratitude is warranted by modern and antient custom: and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a suitable return to his merits, than why he was overpaid. *Benefacere et malé audire* is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, God knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St. Nicholas * is over any way: my inclination was Mr. Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Castle-knock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent, than it can do now when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair, so I will expect that those, with whom you have complied, should show their sense of it

* The dean and chapter of St. Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please. H.

by

by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fuel that keeps them alive: and I think nothing can contribute more to our common ease, and the publick good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a strong report, that my lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope, he can tell no ill story of you. I add only my prayers for you, and am, sir,

Your most humble servant, and brother,
WILL. DUBLIN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MY LORD, TRIM, DEC. 16, 1716.

I SHOULD be sorry to see my lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer: because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see, whom his lordship can inform against, except himself: he was three or four days at the court of France, while he was secretary; and it is barely possible, he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with

with the Pretender: although I would not believe him, if he should swear it: because he protested to me, that he never saw him but once: and that was at a great distance, in publick, at an opera. As to any others of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the Pretender, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation; much easier, than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger, or that lord Bolingbroke should have any ill story to tell of me. He knows, and loves, and thinks too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surprised to think your grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past: while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man; declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the Pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false brother, coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least overture or intent of bringing in the Pretender, during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say, things were not ripe at the queen's death; they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the ministers any such

such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they, who say otherwise, understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or not in other men, I beg your grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be against the Pretender; and am so still. And this is not to make my court (which I know is vain), for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the publick may safely rely on my loyalty: because I look upon the coming of the Pretender as a greater evil, than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years, nor could any thing have tempted me to it, but the grief I have in standing so ill in your grace's opinion. I beg your grace's blessing;

And am, *&c.*

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, TRIM, DEC. 22, 1716.

I HAVE been here some days, to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200*l.* to be had from the trustees of the first fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for 999 years. Upon these last twenty-three acres, I am, by agree-

ment, to lay out the said 200*l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 55*l.* out of my own pocket, and to pay him 14*l.* *per annum* for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty-three acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successors *, who will then have forty-three acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, &c. for 14*l.* *per annum*. I reckon to lay out of my own money about 250*l.* and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo*. This expedient was a project of Dr. Raymond, minister of this town, to deal with a Jew, who would not lessen his rent-roll to save all the churches in Christendom. Dr. Coghill, and every body else, approves the thing; since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myself; and I hope your grace will have the same thoughts.

Since I came down here, I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter, from your grace, of November 22. I have reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the side in power, who will not think I deserve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know, that, while I was near the late ministry, I was a common advocate for those they called the Whigs, to a degree, that a certain great minister told me, I had always a Whig in my sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion, by which means several persons in England, and some in this kingdom, kept their employments, for I cannot remember my lord Oxford ever

* See the Dean's will, in vol. II. N.

refused

refused me a request of that kind. And for the rest, your grace may very well remember, that I had the honour of corresponding with you, during the whole period, with some degree of confidence: because I know your grace had wished the same things, but differed only in opinion about the hands that should effect them. It was on account of this conduct, that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in London, and not unknown to your grace, had the assurance to give me broad hints that I was providing against a change; and I observe those very men are now the most careful of all others, to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a Whig in politicks. I have been told, that upon the death of the last Nonjuring bishop, Dodwell and his followers thought the schism at an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again, upon despair of their cause by the rebellion * being brought to an end; else their politicks are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers: and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring person never forgiving the person injured, is, I believe, true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but sup-

* In Scotland, in the year 1715. F.

pose that the clergy thought there were some hardships and grounds for fears, otherwise they must be very wicked, or very mad; to say more, would be to enter into a dispute upon a party subject; a dog or a horse knows when he is kindly treated: and besides, a wise administration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real fears of those they govern.

I saw the provost yesterday in this neighbourhood, and had some little talk with him upon the occasion of the bishop of Killaloe's death: I believe he would accept of the deanery of Derry, if Dr. Bolton the dean should be promoted; but I said nothing of it to him; I believe he has written to Mr. Molyneux*. I find, since he cannot be trusted with a bishoprick, that he desires to leave his station with as good a grace as he can; and that it may not be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said in general, that such a circumstance, as things stood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and so we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace, in answer to a letter I had from you.

JON. SWIFT.

* Samuel Molyneux, esq. a gentleman of great abilities and large property in Ireland, secretary to the prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin. F.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, JAN. 12, 1716-17.

ABOUT two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit, or have let us hear from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend Prior, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his Solomon, and other Poetical Works, by subscription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other at the delivery of the book. He, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request, that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you shall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisement to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends in such a manner as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the archbishop of Dublin shows a letter of yours, reflecting on the high flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an ironical style, and that he would have it otherwise understood.

This

This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my lord Townshend has given a little spirit; but that will soon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What measures his Majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the Whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan are of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Orford, Devonshire, and the chancellor *, on the other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a German reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the Tories, who, I hope, will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord Townshend's friends give out, that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, *viz.* to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the succession-act; to send money to Germany for carrying on a war against Sweden; and to attaint lord Oxford. When lord Sunderland † comes over, he will probably cry 'whore again,' and endeavour to saddle lord Townshend in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of Jacobitism in former reigns. We are told, that lord Bolingbroke has permission to stay in France, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from Paris.

* William earl Cowper. B.

† By whose intrigues lord viscount Townshend had been removed from the post of secretary of state, which was given to general Stanhope, afterward earl Stanhope. B.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, LONDON, MARCH 9, 1716-17.

I HAD yesterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. Duncan's accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and they say is since better of his asthma: I believe, whenever he dies, I shall be in some difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving person; unless I might say, that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. Dopping *, on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter, who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes: and in those cases I shall be very ready to change my nomination, only choosing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to: wherein I hope I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost. My lord bishop of Dromore, Dr. Coghill, and I, were yesterday using our rhetorick to no purpose.—The topick he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanery, because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust; which, he says, affects his reputation: that he professes to be as true to the present king, as any person in employment: that he has always shown

* Mr. Dopping was made bishop of Ossory in 1741, and died the year following. He was uncle to miss Hamilton, afterward countess of Ossory. N.

himself

himself so: that he was sacrificed by the Tories in the late reign, on account of the dispute in the college, and other matters: that he publickly argues and appears against the same party now, upon all occasions; and expects as little favour from them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from parliament or visitation, he declares himself perfectly safe and easy: and if it might not affect the society, he should be glad of such inquiries, in order to vindicate himself: that he should like the deanery of Down full as well, and perhaps better, than the bishoprick of Dromore, provided the deanery was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on, he would readily accept it: that he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the college to be under another head: but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all considerations: and that he hopes in some time to convince the world, and the court too, that he has been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him, both alone and with some of his best friends: who all differ from him, as, he allows, most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the college, or of any

any favours to be shewn it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair: for instance (I speak purely my own thoughts), if the prince would graciously please to send a favourable message by his secretary, to offer him the deanery, in such a manner as might answer the provost's difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about; but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord bishop of Dromore received letters yesterday from your grace, and the bishop of Derry, with an account of his succeeding to Clogher, of which I am sure all parts will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the Bath, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the Bath, I have mentioned something of the provost's affair, in a letter this post, to my lord bishop of Derry.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, MARCH 22, 1716-17.

YOUR grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country, dispatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace does rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely

likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it: only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin. I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools, as well as knaves, if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value; and, after all, I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject, not worth troubling you with at present; farther than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it, are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it, but where I am master of the fact, and your grace has it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanery of Derry, or whatever other employment, under a bishoprick, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find Dr. Coghill * has been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looks upon himself to have

* Marmaduke Coghill, LL. D. judge of the prerogative court; afterwards a privy councellor, chancellor of the exchequer, and a commissioner of the revenue.. F.

acted

acted with principles as loyal to the present government, as any the king employs. He does not seem to dislike either of the deaneries of Derry or Down, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation: and unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him: but his other friends differ from me, and for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinks it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seems to require; although I am confident, that if he were a bishop, the government might be very secure of him, since he seems wholly fallen out with the Tories, and the Tories with him; and I do not know any man, who, in common conversation, talks with more zeal for the present establishment, and against all opposers of it, than he. The only thing he desires at present in his discourse with me, is, that no proposal of a deanery * should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is, until farther judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

* Dr. Pratt soon after accepted the deanery of Down; and was succeeded in the provostship by Dr. Richard Baldwin, who died in December 1759. N.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the Bath. I shall pray for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Among other things, the provost argued, that Dr. Foster was promoted to a bishoprick from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude, that offering him a less preferment, is a mark of displeasure; with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, MAGHERLYN, MAY 1, 1717.

YOUR grace's letter of March 23d was brought to me at Trim, where I went a month ago to finish my lease and purchase for my country parish. In some days after, I met my lord bishop of Clogher at Drogheda, by appointment: we went together to Clogher, where he was enthroned, and after three days came to this place, where his lordship is settling every thing against the coming of the new bishop, who is expected here next week. My great business at Clogher was to seduce his lordship to lay out 2000*l.* in a new house, and for that end we rode about to find a situation. I know not whether I shall prevail: for he has a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I will never consent to, and would rather he should leave all

all to the generosity of a successor. My notion is, that when a bishop, with good dispositions, happens to arise, it should be every man's business to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produces two such; and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon works of public good, without the least mercy to your pains or your purses. An expert tradesman makes a few of his best customers answer, not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will suppose your grace has heard of Mr. Duncan's death. I am sure I have heard enough of it, by a great increase of disinterested correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free cost for board and lodging, else postage would have undone me. I have returned no answer to any; and shall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is a less compliment, because I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I only desire two things; first, that those who call themselves my friends may have no reason to reproach me; and the second, that in the course of this matter, I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

Some weeks before Mr. Duncan's death, his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawson, minister of Galtrim, went for England, by Mr. Duncan's consent, to apply for an adjoining living, called Kilmore, in Mr. Duncan's possession, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his success; but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. Warren, who is landlord

landlord of Galtrim, might have that living, and Kilmore adjoining, both not 150*l.* and Mr. Lawson to go down to Mr. Warren's living, in Clogher diocese, worth above 200*l.* But this is all at random, because I know not whether Kilmore may not be already disposed of, for I hear it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provost, who talked of being in the North in a month; but our Dublin account is, that they know not when the deanery is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party, on account of the person, who, it is supposed, will succeed him *. The wrong custom of making that post the next step to a bishoprick, has been, as your grace says, of ill consequence; and although, as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it, and make no scruple of preceding, on all occasions, the best private clergyman in the kingdom: which is a trifle of great consequence when a man's head is possessed with it.

I pray God preserve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happiness of those whom you are pleased to honour with your friendship, favour, or protection. I beg your grace's blessing; and remain, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

* Dr. Richard Baldwin. See p. 75. F.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

SIR, LONDON, JUNE 15, 1717.

LAST night I received yours of the 5th instant; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns, and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You will see by the publick prints that Monday next come se'nnight is appointed for the trial of my lord Oxford, and that no less than six and twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked, that two lawyers more might be added to his counsel: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living who thinks he will ever be tried: for they publickly own, that they neither have, nor ever had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments and attainders, and party gambols; and say, that all people deserve to be so punished, who presume to dispossess the Whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, in what manner he is to be brought off, so as to save the honour of his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible neither of these guesses may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my lord Marlborough seems passionately to desire.

We

We labour here under all the disadvantages in the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong every where, but in no place more than in Westminster-hall. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require that all people, who pay obedience, should be protected, seem to want a capacity to govern; and the similitude of circumstances between the king and the regent, render the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural interest of France. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that Snape's letter* is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject. However, his merit was great, in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle against his adversaries. In those respects, his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend Prior; for those who subscribed here are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer, without passing for common cheats. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Charleton and I, remember you often. Lady Masham always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there, and am invited to their house in the country. As soon as lord Oxford's affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return hither till about Michaelmas. But if you will direct to me at my house in town, your letters will be con-

* To the bishop of Bangor, Dr. Hoadly, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king on March 31, 1717, 'concerning the nature of the kingdom and church of Christ.' B.

veyed

veyed to me, wherever I am. Mr. Rochfort * seems to have a great many good qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

FROM THE SAME.

LONDON, JUNE 18, 1717.

HAVING acquainted you in my letter of last post, that it was the universal opinion the Commons would not proceed to the trial of my lord Oxford, I think myself obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out, that they shall be ready to proceed on Monday next. Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not any thing, which I have said in my last, have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any publick matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to sir Charles Hotham's regiment, which is now ordered to Ireland. If you could find any young fellow, who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron (my lord Carlisle) will easily prevail with my lord duke of Bolton for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

* Lord chief baron of the exchequer in queen Anne's reign. See in vol. XVI. "The Country Life," written by the Dean while he was spending part of a summer at the house of George Rochfort, esq. son of the lord chief baron. N.

FROM THE SAME.

LONDON, JULY 2, 1717.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that lord Oxford's impeachment was discharged last night, by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was one hundred and six, the duke of Marlborough, my lord Cadogan, lord Coningsby, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into Westminster-hall. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a message he received this morning from the king, by my lord chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman, (I mean of my lady Marlborough) who is almost distracted that she could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about Michaelmas next. If you write to me, direct to me hither, as usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me, wherever I am.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Charleton, and Mr. Currey, have dined with me to-day, and you have not been forgot. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says, you wait for the act of grace. Is it so? I hope to see you by next winter.

TO MR. COPE *.

SIR, DUBLIN, JULY 9, 1717.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter before I came to town: for I stayed three weeks at Trim after I left you, out of perfect hatred to this place, where at length business dragged me against my will. The archdeacon, who delivers you this, will let you know I am but an ill solicitor for him. The thing is indeed a little difficult and perplexed, yet a willing mind would make it easy; but that is wanted, and I cannot work it up. However, it shall not be my fault, if something be not made of it one time or other; but some people give their best friends reason to complain. I have at a venture put you down among poor Mr. Prior's † benefactors; and I wonder what exemption you pretend to as appears by your letter to Mr. Stewart. It seems you took the thousand pounds a year in a literal sense, and even at that rate I hope you would not be excused. I hope your sheep-shearing in the county of Louth hath established your health; and that Dr. Tisdall, your brother of the spleen, comes sometimes and makes you laugh at a pun or a blunder. I made a good many advances to your friend Bolton ‡ since I came to town, and talked of you; but all signified nothing; for he has

* Robert Cope, esq. a gentleman of learning, good family, and fortune, and a great admirer of Dr. Swift. F.

† Whose poems were then printing by subscription. See p. 69. N.

‡ Dr. Theophilus Bolton. F.

taken every opportunity of opposing me, in the most unkind and unnecessary manner; and I have done with him. I could with great satisfaction pass a month or two among you, if things would permit. The archdeacon carries you all the news, and I need say nothing. We grow mightily sanguine, but my temper has not fire enough in it. They assure me that lord Bolingbroke will be included in the act of grace; which, if it be true, is a mystery to me.

You must learn to winter in town, or you will turn a monk, and Mrs. Cope a nun; I am extremely her humble servant.

I have ventured to subscribe a guinea for Mr. Brownlowe, because I would think it a shame not to have his name in the list. Pray tell him so.

I doubt whether Mrs. Cope will be pleased with the taste of snuff I sent her.

Present my humble service to your mother and brother; and believe me to be, with great truth and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, JULY 18, 1717.

SOME persons of distinction, lately come from England, and not unknown to your lordship, have made me extremely pleased and proud, by telling me that your lordship was so generous as to defend me against an idle story that passed in relation to a letter

a letter of mine to the archbishop of Dublin. I have corresponded for many years with his grace, though we generally differed in politicks, and therefore our letters had often a good mixture of controversy. I confess likewise that I have been his grace's advocate, where he had not many others. About nine months ago I writ a letter to him in London (for in my little station it is convenient there should be some commerce between us); and in a short time after I had notice from several friends, that a passage in my letter * was shown to several persons, and a consequence drawn from thence, that I was wholly gone over to other principles more in fashion, and wherein I might better find my account. I neglected this report, as thinking it might soon die; but found it gathered strength, and spread to Oxford and this kingdom; and some gentlemen, who lately arrived here, assured me they had met it a hundred times, with all the circumstances of disadvantage that are usually tacked to such stories by the great candour of mankind. It should seem as if I were somebody of importance; and if so, I should think the wishes not only of my friends, but of my party, might dispose them rather to believe me innocent, than condemn me unheard. Upon the first intelligence I had of this affair, I made a shift to recollect the only passage in that letter which could be any way liable to misinterpretation.

I told the archbishop—"we had an account of a set of people in London, who were erecting a new church, upon the maxim that every thing was void,

* See in p. 69, Mr. Lewis's letter of Jan. 12, 1716-17. N.

since

since the revolution, in the church as well as the state—that all priests must be re-ordained, bishops again consecrated, and in like manner of the rest—that I knew not what there was in it of truth—that it was impossible such a scheme should ever pass—and that I believed if the court, upon this occasion, would shew some good-will to the church, discourage those who ill treated the clergy, &c. it would be the most popular thing they could think of."

I keep no copies of letters; but this, I am confident, was the substance of what I wrote; and that every other line in the letter which mentioned publick affairs would have atoned for this, if it had been a crime, as I think it was not in that juncture, whatever may be my opinion at present; for, I confess, my thoughts change every week, like those of a man in an incurable consumption, who daily finds himself more and more decay.

The trouble I now give your lordship is an ill return to your goodness in defending me; but it is the usual reward of goodness, and therefore you must be content. In the mean time, I am in a hopeful situation, torn to pieces by pamphleteers and libellers on that side the water, and by the whole body of the ruling party on this; against which all the obscurity I live in will not defend me. Since I came first to this kingdom, it has been the constant advice of all my church friends, that I should be more cautious. To oppose me in every thing relating to my station, is made a merit in my chapter; and I shall probably live to make some bishops as poor, as Luther made many rich.

I profess to your lordship, that what I have been writing is only with regard to the good opinion of your

your lordship, and of a very few others with whom you will think it of any consequence to an honest man that he should be set right. I am sorry that those who call themselves churchmen should be industrious to have it thought that their number is lessened, even by so inconsiderable a one as myself. But I am sufficiently recompensed, that your lordship knows me best, to whom I am so ambitious to be best known. God be thanked, I have but a few to satisfy. The bulk of my censurers are strangers, or ill judges, or worse than either; and if they will not obey your orders to correct their sentiments of me, they will meet their punishment in your lordship's disapprobation; which I would not incur for all their good words put together, and printed in twelve volumes folio.

I am, with great respect, my lord,
your lordship's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.*

FROM MR. PRIOR *.

DEAR SIR, DUKE-STREET, WESTMINSTER,
JULY 30, 1717.

I HAVE the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and twentieth instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed. But the last to me, at my house in Duke-

* Endorsed, "Received Aug. 6, 1717. Answered the same day." N.

street,

street, is the rightest. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy, and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine, that I have a hundred things to say to you, which for as many reasons I omit, and only touch upon that business, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet of *sorry* *. I return you the names of those who have been kind enough to subscribe, that you may see if they are rightly spelt, and the just titles put to them, as likewise if it has happened that any has subscribed for more than one volume. You will please to look over the catalogue. You see that our calculation comes even, the gentleman's name that desired it being omitted. I am sensible that this has given you too much trouble; but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. Lewis, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner, he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I write, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open; so you will expect nothing from me, but what you may have as particularly from the postboy. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whoreson cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl † is *semper idem*. Lord Harley is in the country. Our brotherhood is extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may see your reverend person this summer in

* Subscriptions for Mr. Prior's poems, procured by the Dean. The subscription was two guineas. H.

† Of Oxford. H.

England:

England: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but when you come to London, do not go to the Cocoa-tree (as you sent your letter), but come immediately to Duke street, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning no where else. Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland list themselves of that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and believe me, ever with the greatest truth, dear sir,

Yours, M. PRIOR.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

AUG. 6, 1717.

TWO years retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish, than even at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journies to Windsor. Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since: that my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the first of July. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to Brampton; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is

so far from abating, that I am persuaded by my friends to go into Cambridgeshire, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate than your island is likely to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

HEATHROP, AUG. 24, 1717.

YOURS, my good friend, of the sixth finds me in Oxfordshire with the duke of Shrewsbury, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had I stayed in London. Before I left that pious city, I made due inquiry into the methods and regularity of your correspondence with the earl *. He has received your letters; he will answer them—but not to-day, *sicut olim*. Nothing can change him. I can get no positive answer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in London, and possibly has answered you, while I am a little arraigning his neglect; but in all cases *liberavi animam meam*.

I wish you were in England, that you might a

* Of Oxford. H.

little

little look over the strange stuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry if you are near and not with me; but when I see you, that weighty question may easily be decided. In the mean time I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition, when you send the list back again; of which, I say, no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being, beyond expression, my friend,

Yours, &c.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, MARCH 20, 1717-18.

MULTIPLICITY of business and a long dangerous fit of sickness have prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office* and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, though he

* Of secretary of state, which post Mr. Addison resigned on the fourteenth of March, 1717-18, and had a pension granted him of one thousand five hundred pounds a year. H.

is my successor *) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentlemen whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours, that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man the bishop of Derry †, who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I admit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing, till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see England, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at

* James Craggs, esq. B.

† Dr. St. George Ashe. See p. 23. N.

Holland

Holland house *, where you are highly esteemed by lady Warwick, and the young lord; though by none any where more than by, sir,

Your most faithful,
and most obedient humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

APRIL 12, 1718.

HIS lordship writes to the Dean, "that he hopes to see him at Wimple this year; that lord Oxford was well, and talked of going into Herefordshire." He adds, "Your sister † is obliged to go to Bath, presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little etui. I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box, which comes along with it to supply the place of that which was broke by accident some time ago.

I am, with true respect,
Your most humble servant and brother,
HARLEY."

* The Dean had lodgings at Kensington in the summer of 1712; and Mr. Addison lived there at the same time, being some years before his marriage with the countess of Warwick.

† Lady Harley; so called from her husband being a member with Swift of the club which called themselves brothers. N.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, MAY 1, 1718.

A PRETTY kind of amusement I have been engaged in: commas, semicolons, italicks, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends' letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list, which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact. The money I receive of Mitford as mentioned in your last.

The earl of Oxford has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing England, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into Herefordshire. Lord and lady Harley are at the Bath, and as soon as I shall have settled my affairs of the printing-press, (sad business! as you very well call it) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear sir,

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, MAY 29, 1718.

I HAVE received yours of the 6th, with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct, and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before Christmas, so that our friends abroad may complete their collection till Michaelmas, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them. I thank you most heartily for what you have been pleased to do in this kind. Give yourself no farther trouble: but if any gentleman, between this and Michaelmas, desires to subscribe, do not refuse it. I have received the money of Mr. Mitford.

I am going to-morrow morning to the Bath, to meet lord Harley there. I shall be back in a month.

The earl of Oxford is still here. He will go into Herefordshire some time in June. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world; and if you are once got into *la bagatelle*, you may despise the world. Beside contriving emblems, such as cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Do not you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear dean, and give my service to all our friends.

Yours ever. M. PRIOR.

FROM PETER LUDLOW, ESQ.*

SEPTEMBER 10, 1718.

I SEND you the enclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the enclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For, your friend Mr. Manley † has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know) might have been discovered; besides a thousand, nay, for aught I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not, I believe, enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to show all they had to Mr. Manley. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appear-

* Of Arsulagh, in the county of Meath, esq. grandson of the famous Ludlow, who wrote the Memoirs of his own times. F.

† Postmaster general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in queen Anne's time. D. S.

ance

ance (I own at first) of blunders and a silly tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff-highway, and not dead yet, is meant the church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man, who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true; but may be he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-churchman) and inquires of a man riding a-horse-back upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or tory, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and the horse. This is indeed carrying a figure farther than Homer does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warriour, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I do not remember; by which we often say, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the gown is often meant particular parsons. Well then, you find the horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only inquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! dear sir, this is the true character of the tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude

of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a "Pray inform me."

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to show you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you will not refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,

SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious inquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the water side) must not be meant the Dutch; since you find too, that he eats bag-pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by sir John, the Dutch must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious *.—But I am

* The common appellation in Ireland for king William III. D. S.

under

under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor Swift, because he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

FROM MR. PRIOR *.

MY DEAR DEAN, LONDON, SEPT. 25, 1718.

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, have called wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle* as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers' names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at last hear from you. The earl of Oxford has been in town all this summer, is now going into Herefordshire, and says I shall see you very soon in England. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for, I assure you we are all so changed that there is very little choice of such company as you would like; and, except about eighteen hundred that

* On the back of this letter the dean has written—"Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui dim reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt, et nullorum magis." N.

have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation that have common sense. My cousin Pennyfeather and Will. Phillips drink your health. I cough, but I am otherwise well; and till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, BRISTOL, OCT. 1, 1718.

I HAVE received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint sir Ralph Gore *, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther inquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in England, and

* Some time after speaker of the house of commons, and one of the lords justices of Ireland. N.

if

if you would take my house at Bilton * in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge †, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you: and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem to you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topicks enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

* A small village in Warwickshire, where Mr. Addison's only daughter long resided, and died in 1797, at a very advanced age. N.

† Who had been promoted to the bishoprick of Bristol in 1713. N.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, OCT. 14, 1718.

THIS serves for an envelope to the enclosed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a year in Wales as yet? I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France; six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen; where I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politicks, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent *presidents du parliament* to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you; and particularly by the duke d'Aumont. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Law*. Amongst other things, I had the honour to carry an Irish lady † to

* The projector of the Mississippi scheme in France, which produced the South Sea scheme here; and of whose very interesting History a full account may be seen in Nichols's "History of Leicestershire," vol. iii. p. 487. N.

† The celebrated beauty miss Nelly Bennet, on whom these lines were written:

For when as Nelly came to France
(Invited by her cousins)
Across the Thuilleries, each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,

And

court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet. Among other folks I saw your old friend lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I do not know that I have any friends on your side, beside Mr. Ford, to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr. Jervis *.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed; which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The Dragon † is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you; being ever,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To see her so respected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then said the duke de Villeroi,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie?

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises;
Admir'd her rose, and *lis sans farde*,
Which are your terms *Françoises*. H.

* The very eminent painter. N.

† The earl of Oxford. N.

FROM THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

DEAR DEAN, MONDAY MORNING.

I SHALL embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of lord Molesworth on many accounts; and as Young* is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely your faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

* This was the celebrated Poet; who, on the return of the Marquis of Wharton from the Continent, at the latter end of the year 1716, accompanied him to Ireland; where the talents of that eccentric nobleman were remarkably displayed. The patent by which he was created duke of Wharton particularly mentions "the eloquence which he had exerted with so much applause in the parliament of Ireland; and his turn and application, even in early youth, to the most serious and weighty affairs of the kingdom." This letter confirms an ingenious conjecture of sir Herbert Croft, in his life of Dr. Young, respecting the circumstance of Young's going to Ireland; and fixes the date of his conversation with Dr. Swift, as related in vol. I. p. 281. N.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR BROTHER, LONDON, DEC. 11, 1718.

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first: but you cannot give seven (that is the tithe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. Helsham * or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus. I will answer for it, he will not do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present, than sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey his deputy.

* Senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and a most eminent mathematician; author of Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy," and of whom see some pleasantries, in the poetical part of this collection, vol. XVII. N.

I sent

I sent for the two Rosingraves, and examined the matter of fact. The younger had no concern in the note of 20*l.* The elder says, that he thought the 20*l.* due to him, for the pains and some expense he had been at about the young fellow; and his master Bethel, who had given Mr. Rosingrave the elder ten guineas before, thought the same reasonable. He says, he did not take it by way of bribe, but as his due; and did never intend to make use of it but when the young fellow was in circumstances to pay him. The younger Rosingrave was begged and intreated both by Bethel and the young fellow (who would not go without him) to accompany him to Ireland; and did believe that bearing his expenses, which was done by Bethel, was the least he could take. There is one thing in this fellow's paper that I know to be a lie, his being ill used by Rosingrave at lord Carnarvon's. He sung there, I believe, once or twice for his own instruction or trial; and lord Carnarvon gave him a guinea. He went some times to hear the musick for his improvement. This is what they tell me. However, I have reprimanded the elder Rosingrave for taking the note. When this fellow came first to town, I thought his voice might do, but found it did not improve. It is mighty hard to get such a sort of a voice. There is an excellent one in the king's chapel; but he will not go. The top one of the world is in Bristol choir; and I believe might be managed; though your Rosingrave is really much improved; so do not totally exclude the young fellow till you have more maturely considered the matter.

The Dragon * is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him

* The earl of Oxford. N.

from

from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the Dragon is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco.* Lord Harley and lady Harley give you their service. Lewis is in the country with lord Bathurst, and has writ me a most dreadful story of a mad dog that bit their huntsman; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord Oxford presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to grass, *avec beaucoup de sagesse.* I do not believe the story of lord Bolingbroke's marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much toward matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is likely to have his chief minister impeached too. He has his wife prisoner like a****. The footmen of the house of commons chose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of Ormond fighting against the protestant succession, and the duke of Berwick fighting for it? France, in confederacy with England, to reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland; but pray is it an affront to say that a lady hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland is a curiosity in

France? All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

I have not clean paper more than to bid you adieu.

[FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MARCH 17, 1718-19.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 6th of January and 6th of February gave me; and I knew enough of the tenderness of your heart to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel your's. The truest reflection, and at the same time, the bitterest satire, which can be made on the present age, is this; that to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantick. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those who pass for such are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*. At that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys, I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had

I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the Scythian, in one of Lucian's Dialogues, draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and the separation made, I discover, on one side, a handful of friends; but on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resources in other people and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto * which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man † of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general ‡.

I enjoy at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I *live*, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but I *think* in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errours, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Cælius gave to

* Lord Bolingbroke's motto was,

"*Nec quærere, nec spernere, honorem.*" N.

† The earl of Oxford. B.

‡ These words must have been mortifying to Swift, who thought highly of lord Oxford's abilities. WARTON.

Cicero:

Cicero: *Id melius statuere quod tutius sit:* and I think, may say to myself what Dolabella says in one of his letters to the same Cicero: *Satisfactum est jam à te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica: ibi simus potius, quàm, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than while I was the most blamed; and, that you will pronounce the brightest part of my character to be that which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is passed, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present my fortune is extremely reduced; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants beyond those which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them.

"—— *Vides, quæ maxima credis*
"*Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,*
"*Quanto devites, &c.* Hor. epist. i. lib. 1.

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my postchaise:

Survey

Survey mankind, observe what risks they run,
What fancy'd ills, thro' real dangers, shun;
Those fancy'd ills, so dreadful to the great,
A lost election, or impair'd estate.
Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrours of the Indian main;
Though storms arise, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, knows no other fear.
Vain men! who might arrive, with toil far less,
By smoother paths at greater happiness,
For 'tis superiour bliss not to desire
That trifling good which fondly you admire,
Possess precarious, and too dear acquire.
What hackney gladiator can you find,
By whom the Olympick crown would be declin'd?
Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,
With safety combat, and prevail with ease,
Would choose on some inglorious stage to tread,
And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle (which I have long established) we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow; I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrours. I have heard of somebody, who, while he was in the Tower, used every morning to lie down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual, I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do:

——*Non tibi parvum*
Ingenium, non incultum est.

and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me,

——*Quod si*
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses.

I have writ to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to London; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you. For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than your's of the story of Pierochole. Things are come to that pass, the storks will never come; and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are

at

at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures in Congreve's play of "Love for Love," where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprise; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of January to the 16th of February is a long course of illness.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, MAY . . 1716.

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero; that in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reason must be, that in those circumstances of life there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation: for, I doubt, prosperity and adversity are too much at variance, ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humours. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas, I can assure you, that those who contrived to stay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all: and if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been, for some time, nursing up an observation, which perhaps may be a just one: that no men are used so ill, upon a change of times, as those who acted upon a publick view, without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the circumstance of saving more or less money, but because I take it, that the same grain of caution which disposes a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; because I have been taught to believe there is little good nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were sincere, I know not why it has not succeeded, since every thing is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good natured actions. When I think of you with a relation to sir Roger *, I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told, he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of

* The earl of Oxford. N.

life,

life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read Tacitus and Commines with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see any thing of what you tell me, have been some time providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always

among you, and used with more kindness and confidence than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no farther that way, although I could say many things which you would never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that when Cæsar describes one of his own battles we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase * with great pleasure; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king deprived of his kingdom would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a year; and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take satisfaction in any thing, while those who presided in councils and armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.* My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi, &c.*

JON. SWIFT.

* Of Horace; see p. 111. N.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, WESTMINSTER, MAY 5, 1719.

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you half the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon my being a little peevish, when I received your's of the twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion; an honour which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except Harley and Bathurst? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*; for fifty (as Mr. Lock observes) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from Chaucer's scrivener, down to John and Jacob *; Mr. Hyde only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you, requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or intreat your favour for Alma and Solomon. I shall perform your commands to the earl of Oxford, *semper idem*; and drink your

* John Barber and Jacob Tonson. N.

health

health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may show you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

MAY 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui étoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moi de ne sçavoir que le Gascon et le Patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur, et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot, moi de vous répondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaît d'avoir pour moi; car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donné un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'âme; mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'éloge de millions de gens. Depuis que j'ai l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ai toujours

jours remarqué que ni en conversation particulière, ni générale, aucun mot a échappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus sévère critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions ni en vos paroles: la coquetterie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez pas vous, qu'il est possible de ne pas vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain? Quelles bêtes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité à faire mépriser autant de gens, qui sans songer à vous, seroient assez supportables: mais il est temps de vous délasser, et de vous dire Adieu: avec tout le respect, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde, je suis, et serai toujours.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH*.

MAY 22, 1719.

I HAD an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances it ought to have. I was

* "Successit Joannes Evans [Episcopus Bangorensis], consecrationis ritibus initiatus, quarto Januarii 1701; anno 1715 ad Episcopatum Meidensem in Hiberniâ translatus." Godwin, de Præsulibus Angliæ, Cantab. 1742, fol. N.

likewise

likewise informed of some other particulars, relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations*; and I will most certainly keep my word, if the law will permit me: not from any contempt of your lordship's jurisdictions, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over. I waited on you as soon as I knew of your landing. I attended on you in your first journey to Trim. I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese; and repeated my visits, till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it, if I am called of a different party from your lordship: but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased (as I am told) to refuse it: and I am apt to think you will be of opinion, that when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken,

* See a subsequent letter on the same subject, July 5, 1721. N.

I declare

I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However I hope that in such a case, your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman.

I am your lordship's most obedient,
humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

SIR, WESTMINSTER, DEC. 8, 1719.

HAVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire with dear lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke-street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring court of requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet, I have treated lady Harriot * at Cambridge (good God! a fellow of a college treat!) and spoke verses to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half

* Lady Harriot Harley, only daughter of Edward, lord Harley; afterward duchess of Portland. B.

† They are printed in what is called by the editor, Samuel Humphreys, esq., "The third volume of Prior's Works;" and are intituled, "Verses spoken to lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719." B.

the

the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do? and what you do? How your Irish country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any English country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be Duke-street, and the fairest field for action Wimple *; the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man shall be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde; but expect that at his leisure he will signify to Tonson what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake: and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of Oxford, *pro more suo*, went late into he country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est*; which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So, with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, sir, you most obedient humble servant, M. PRIOR.

Service to Matthew Pennyfeather and all friends. Adieu.

* The seat of lord Harley. H.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, DECEMBER 19, 1719.

I FIRST congratulate with you upon growing rich: for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum diti patria.* Euripedes makes the queen Jocasta ask her exiled son, how he got his victuals? But who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a metzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room: the motto at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum, &c.* and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But, since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philosopher: and I guess, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty — *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or seen, one great genius, who had long success in the ministry: and recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the

the smoothest time, were, at best, men of middling degree, in understanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement, to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of Oxford and yourself, all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman usher.

But,

But, of late years I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sally into the highest exorbitances, with much more safety, than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy, wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superiour natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species, than a better. If you will recollect that I am toward six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in a hundred words, what would have formerly cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed; and wreak my spite, in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer,

you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? You see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried * was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation, at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is observed, that gentlemen often dance better than those that live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c. JON. SWIFT.

* He means the letter in p. 113, and which he has endorsed on the back as having miscarried. D. S.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, APRIL 18, 1720.

YOU would have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by any thing but my care of you: for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I inquire of every body I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I do not suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer *. I hope the next thing will be to tax Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young Hopeful † might have been in danger. They

* The house of peers in Ireland having transmitted to king George I. a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in England resolved, on the eighth of January 1719-20, on the contrary, that the barons of the Exchequer in Ireland had acted, in the affair of Annesley and Sherlock, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of Great Britain; and a bill was soon after brought in, for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain. B.

† The duchess seems to mean the prince of Wales, afterward king George II. then upon ill terms with his father, and his father's ministers. B.

were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or as (prince Butler said,) crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all our relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the South Sea was said to be my lord Oxford's brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchess of Kendal *, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinences of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she had met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely

Your very humble servant, and faithful friend,
M. ORMOND.

* Erengard Melesina Schuylenberg, baroness of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created duchess of Kendal by king George I. April 30, 1710. B.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

SIR, WESTMINSTER, MAY 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the Dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance: or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head; and I presume you judged by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I do not know why you have not buried me as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addisons, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses which you began in England, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une Esclanche;
Lundi, froide et Salade;
Mardi, j'aime la Grillade;
Mercredi, Hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade;
Vendredi, Point de Gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se creveront des restes de mon Mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche*; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordshire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord Harley at London; and have either lived with him at Wimple, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to lady Harriot, in Dover-street; and bid him call in Westminster, to know if I had any thing to say to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready and the axe whetted; and is in Herefordshire, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The South Sea Company have raised their stocks to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it. Thou art a stranger in Israel, my good friend; and seemest to know no more of this lord, than thou didst of the *conde de Peterborow*, when first I construed him to thee at the coffee-house.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness; especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have

I have seen Mr. Butler, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores:* though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence to his solicitations.

Auditor Harley thanks you, for remembering him and his singing man *. As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am ever most truly Your's

M. P.

Friend Ford salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about Dublin. I will send them by Tonson's canal to Hyde at Dublin, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, MAY 26, 1720.

IF all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good-nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice; some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetick; and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me

* Probably a person recommended to the Dean's cathedral. H.

with your health and good humour; and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add, that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better?

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes *.

HOR. Ep. ii. lib. ii. 55.

I hunted four years for horses, gave twenty-six pounds for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold my groom gave him a strain in the shoulder, he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refused Wadman's living; why, God knows; and got the duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley, to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfeild should get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chaplain) is to leave for Wadman's. Because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's present living will not be given to Dr. Kearney †; and I cannot learn the scheme yet, nor have been able to see Dr. Stone. The primate ‡ is the hardest

* ——The waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts, and rifle every grace. FRANCIS.

† Treasurer of Armagh. F.

‡ Dr. Thomas Lindsay. See vol. X. p. 118.

to

to be seen or dealt with in the world. Whaley seems to think the primate will offer Caulfeild's living to young Charleton. I know not what will come of it. I called at sir William Fownes's *; but he is in the county of Wicklow.—If we could have notice of any thing in good time, I cannot but think that, mustering up friends, something might be done for Barclay; but really the primate's life is not upon a very good foot, though I see no sudden apprehensions. I could upon any occasion write to him very freely, and I believe my writing would be of some weight, for they say he is not wholly governed by *Crosse* †. All this may be vision; however, you will forgive it. I do not care to put my name to a letter; you must know

* An alderman and lord mayor of Dublin, father of Mr. Cope's lady. He was author of "Methods proposed for regulating the Poor, supporting some, and employing others, according to their Capacities. By Sir W. F. 1725," 8vo; and see a letter of his to the Dean, September 9, 1732, on the great utility of founding an hospital for lunaticks, in vol. XII. N.

† Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin. F.—Reading the name of Crosse in this page gives me reason to apprehend the letter is misdated; for Crosse, who had been chaplain to the Smyrna company, was not rector of St. Mary's until the year 1732; nor do I believe he was at all known in Ireland, further than, perhaps, by name, until his arrival there, when, by the virulence of party rage, dean Francis, an old Tory, father to Mr. Francis, who translated Horace, was most spitefully turned out of the rectory of St. Mary's, which he had enjoyed for eighteen years. Crosse was so universally detested for accepting a living, which had been absolutely refused by two or three others of the clergy (particularly by Dr. Cobb, who lived to be promoted several years after to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin) that I am sure Lindsay, who was an old and high Tory, would scorn to be acquainted with him. My real opinion is, that *Crosse*, in that passage, is no more than a pun. D. S.

my hand. I present my humble service to Mrs. Cope; and wonder she can be so good to remember an absent man, of whom she has no manner of knowledge, but what she got by his troubling her. I wish you success in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wisdom to manage it. Pray God preserve you and your fireside. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan? I am still under the discipline of the bark, to prevent relapses. Charles Ford comes this summer to Ireland. Adieu.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

SELLBRIDGE, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you; and a little note with an excuse. O! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you: for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare,

declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion, which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

1720.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so

while you are in it. I wonder what Mobkin* meant by showing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half-way toward you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke—— signifies every thing that may be said to Cad—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by Cad—— should be difficult to Skinage.

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh. See, in p. 141, a letter dated Oct. 15, 1720. N.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you not that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it; is it not much better to come of yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? for when I undertake any thing I do not love to do it by halves.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read, can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read

read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art beside your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me, she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if for some time I visit you seldomer, and not in

so

so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

SELLBRIDGE, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of — who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? O! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often in a rage, wished me religious, hoping

ing then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you would be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

OCT. 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find convenience to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given

given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin * more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, "skin for skin will a man give for his life." It is either Job or Satan says so, for aught you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetick; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.

SIR, MILDENHALL, OCT. 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the duke of Grafton †

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh; who is mentioned before under this appellation, in a former letter, p. 136. N.

† Charles, whose mother Isabella, daughter of Henry Bennet earl of Arlington, married for her second husband sir Thomas Hanmer. H.

was

was at London; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my lord Arran had spoke to him concerning it *. I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief justice; how explicitly or how pressingly I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the post-office. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

* The prosecution of Waters. See the letter from sir Constantine Phipps, p. 157. H.

TO MR. POPE *.

DUBLIN, JAN. 10, 1720-21.

A THOUSAND things † have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my lord chief justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For, I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt, whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs; upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but

* This letter Mr. Pope never received. POPE.—Nor did he believe it was ever sent. WARBURTON.

† No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the English constitution, and rational liberty, than appears in this celebrated letter; and it is not a little wonderful that Pope should affirm he never received it. WARTON.

upon

upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister * now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, farther than the prayer book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affection, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me †: but, as it was at the disposal of a person that had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time ‡, for I dare not venture any farther, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times

* Bolingbroke. N.

† Historiographer. See his "Memorial" in vol. VI. N.

‡ The History of the four last Years of the Queen, printed in vol. VI. N.

or

or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house) but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England *: this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here, immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief justice †, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The chief justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: after his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they

* A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures, 1720; printed in vol. VII. N.

† Lord Chief Justice Whitshed. N.

call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender: although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publickly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the duke of Grafton, the lord lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question: but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind *.

* This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized societies are governed, can "give no one good quality to the mind," is making Ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into Ethics, Physics, and Logic. The severer philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommended the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And sure if any human speculations have this effect, they must be those which have man for their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under Ethics, whether you call the science morality or law.

It is true I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the publick as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politicks and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades have introduced. For, beside many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a Dedication upon Dedications, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyrick on king George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to publick matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I was asked or not; but never

law. With regard to the common law of England, we may justly apply to it what Tully says of the Law of the Twelve Tables. "Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium Philosophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen et authoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate superare." But the best evidence of its moral efficacy is the manners of its professors; and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, and the last corrupted.

WARBURTON.

affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would have descended to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politicks, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers* to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern, and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had succeeded, the publick interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me, for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party: for many of which I was a constant advocate with the earl of Oxford †, and for this I appeal to his lordship: He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them

* Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. N.

† A striking trait of Swift's liberality and kindness, as well as lord Oxford's. BOWLES.

was

was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For, I can never forget the answer he gave to the late lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe *.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery toward me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view toward making my court; for, the new principles † fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties, than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capâcity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people, whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain) and the

* "Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre." Dryden.

† He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention *to proscribe the Tories*. Warburton.

other

other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politicks then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steele) during all my lord Oxford's ministry: and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my lord Somers or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, 'that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*.' But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence *, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among

* The Examiners, I suppose, were not then published among the Dean's Works. WARBURTON.

the

the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig * in England, is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or not, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that whiggish or fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who shall

* On a moderate computation, how many times have Whigs and Tories changed their principles, or rather their names! When Swift first set out in life, he was as true a Whig as Addison. DR. WARTON.

be

be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For, necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topicks; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a Revolution principle *, my opinion was this; that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under present power, then

* A full, short, but solid defence of the principles on which the Revolution was built; as the preceding paragraph contains all that can be sensibly urged in favour of hereditary right. This topick he has enlarged upon, and placed in a perspicuous light, in the admirable "sentiments of a Church of England Man," printed in vol. III. DR. WARTON.

the

the publick good will justify such a revolution; and this I took to have been the case in the prince of Orange's expedition; although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace. Because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family, for keeping his own children in slavery. And because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a faction against the publick interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that gothick institution, which made them annual *,

* When King William hesitated about passing the bill for triennial parliaments (for annual seem impracticable and out of the question), and sent down to sir William Temple, who had retired from publick business, to desire he would give him his free opinion on this important measure, sir William dispatched Swift, then a young man, and who lived in his house, with a letter to his Majesty, informing him, that the messenger was fully instructed to give him all possible information on the subject. The King listened to Swift with patience and attention, and gave his assent to the bill. As to extending the duration of parliament, in the reign of George I. Dr. Johnson has expressed himself with great emphasis, by saying, "That the sudden introduction of twelve new peers at once by Queen Anne, was an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right, with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years,

and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffick would never answer the design nor expence, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politicks, (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South Sea projects would never have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated.

years, chose themselves for seven." He should have said at the instigation of some who called themselves Whigs. It is in allusion to this sentiment of Swift, relating to parliaments, that Dr. Stopford, the learned and amiable bishop of Cloyne, thus expresses himself in a Latin panegyrick on Swift: "Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, à Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu et largitione adeo fœdatam, ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus ploravit." DR. WARTON.

Every

Every rebellion subdued, and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince: In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration, the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension; for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to publick affairs, while I was in the world; what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed

indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: For, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers: whose malice has taken the same strain in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the publick, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive

sive words *.) And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least discretion enough left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

FROM SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

SIR, ORMOND-STREET, JAN. 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at Christmas into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to Waters's † case, I was informed of it; and

* Swift, in one sentence only of his admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," demolished the slavish and absurd doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. "Many of the clergy," says he, "and other learned men, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration."

DR. WARTON.

† Dr. Swift's printer; who was prosecuted for printing "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures," written in 1720. The Dean, in the preceding letter to Pope. pp. 145, 146, says, that "the jury which tried him, had been culled with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty: that Whitshed, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours: till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict.

the last time I spoke to Mr. Attorney general * about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king; so that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the chief justice † should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in every thing, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, WESTMINSTER, FEB. 28, 1720-21.

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon that I have not writ to you, is a question; for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I do not know which of us wrote last. In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of

verdict. The duke of Grafton, lord lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from England, granted a *noli prosequi*." H.

* Sir Robert Raymond. B.

† Whitshed. H.

you; and with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish.—

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ—Pass for that.

I am tired with politicks, and lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Oxford is not well, and continues in Herefordshire. John of Bucks* died last night, and Coningsby † was sent last night to the Tower. I frequently drink your health with lord Harley, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest good-natured friend Ford, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

As to the subscriptions, in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already, to make the rest of that trouble less, I desire you to send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hyde, that he may raze out the names of those gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former sum, by bill of exchange. Mr.

* John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire. B.

† Thomas, earl of Coningsby, so created by king George I. in 1719. B.

Ford

Ford likewise judges this the best and securest method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear sir,

Your's, M. PRIOR.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, WESTMINSTER, APRIL 25, 1721.

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure; and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan. Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There is one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and

and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public distractions force somebody or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and to divert himself at his leisure hours, he has laid all those lime twigs for his neighbour Coningsby,* that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends actions. *Roffen*† is more than suspected to have given up his party, as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men, than he is; and I wish our friend Harcourt were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness, than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*; and lady *Harriette*, *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: of the ministers I speak, for

* See p. 158. N.

† Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. N.

the most part as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever

Your friend and your servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

TO [STELLA] MRS. JOHNSON.*

DEANERY-HOUSE,
SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and for aught I know Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

* Indorsed by Mrs. Johnson, "An answer to no letter." N. *Margoose,*

*Margoose,** and not *Mergoose:* it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon † got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, DUBLIN, MAY 18, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the bishop's circular enclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know any thing of it, and hope you have not told any body what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business of the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would

* The name of a species of strong wine. A similar word is used in an epilogue, ascribed to the Dean, in the Gulliveriana, p. 64.

"And with richest *margoux* to wash down a tit-bit."

Dr. Bramston, in his "Crooked Sixpence," talks of

"Chatteau, margout, or the renown'd pontack."

And Dr. Dunkin, vol. II. p. 211, after deprecating bumpers, adds,

"O raise not the fury of potent margouze!" N.

† Archdeacon Walls. N.

not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen.

I am

Your faithful humble servant,

J. S.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.*

MY LORD, JULY 5, 1721.

I HAVE received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation,† with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren, or myself;

* Dr. Evans. N.

† See the preceding letter to Mr. Wallis. N.

and

and by the grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasion, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese, and I a member of it. In which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be easy; because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese, of your lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success: but I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men, as well as principles; and not to look upon every person, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if——*

I have the honour to be ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience, as I owe to your lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen,† with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard: but I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party, than complexion. I am,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant.

* The remainder of the paragraph the Dean has left to the Bishop's conjecture. N.

† The Bishop was a Welshman. D. S.

TO VANESSA.

GALLSTOWN, NEAR KINNEGAD, JULY 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretenees to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. Cadenus —— assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune

fortune can make us? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches, as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make Cad —— and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more being called away. *Mais soyez assureé que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, éstimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

JULY 28, 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss

you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear Jonathan, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, though you have wit, and virtue, though you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprised that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning hook into a hand which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter

Law

Law * half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently: and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in Diogenes Laertius, *Ea etsi non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem.* You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into Sicily with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women, and children, to try his Utopia. Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time; and there passed some billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato: he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere.* And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk

* See p. 102.

back,

back, when his master showed him the way to the bawdyhouse. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est.* The conclusion of all this is; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sentences; "Let us place it so, that fortune "may take it without tearing it from us." The passage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. Solon thought so; nay, he went further; and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus, whom he had done his utmost to oppose: and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct of Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cato, so sung by Lucan in every page, and so much better sung by Virgil in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him, which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made Cato rise

to

to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. Tully insinuates that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold Clarke of Taunton Dean, in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second Cato inherited this receipt without his skill; and like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, though it was too late. He hastened the patient's death: he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor at "The hand and urinal"* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that Plato, since you have set me upon quoting him (who thanked Heaven, that he was not a Bœotian) would have said of the *ultima*

* The sign of a noted quack in those days. N.

Thule?

Thule? Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all its conveniences; so far from the world, as to be strangers to all its inconveniences; wanting nothing which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde (that I may use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of Hezekiah, and begin anew the twelve years which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos*; and with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum, et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ. Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's,* who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a high churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

* Thomas Manton, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of Covent Garden, for nonconformity, after the Restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio volume of sermons on the 119th Psalm. B.

You

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the Chateau and the Maison Bourgeoise, as if I was to pass my life in it: and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and the clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of Spons and Missons * yet to come.

" Propter fidem adversus Reginam, et Partes,
Intemeratè servatam,
Propter operam in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenuè saltem navatam,
Impotentiâ vesanæ factionis
Solum vertere coactus,
Hîc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ
Injustè exulat,
Dulce vivit,
H. De B. An. *&c.*"

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patchwork:

* James Spon, M. D. and Maximilian Misson, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels; in which are inserted many inscriptions. B.

" Si

" Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus;
Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter
Tales civis futurus,
Hanc villam instauro et exorno:
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunæ ludum insolentem
Cernere suave est.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens,
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruiscor.
Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii,
Aut ævi."

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottoes for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my greenhouse, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is *Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.* The other is—*fallentis semita vitæ.*

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you; but here lies the difference; your *bagatelle* leads to something better; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in *bagatelle.*

Adieu: it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I will take care that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

FROM

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, SEPT. 1, 1721.

I DO not know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishoprics, that we heard were void, but I am very glad are not so. Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with any dispatches, as to any greater people. It is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to tease you, till at last, to be quiet you will send me some plausible excuse at least, for never inquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you will be good natured enough to come and see how we do; but Ireland has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother Arran's* a good while this summer, and have been much upon the ramble, or else you would have sooner had these just reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper: though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill treatment,

Sir,

Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

* A member of the club of sixteen. H.

TO

TO MR. WORRAL.

DEAR JACK, GALLSTOWN, SEPT. 14, 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Lichfield-man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christchurch * preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loss about her industry book,† for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey-list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worral. I wonder how you, and she, and your heir,‡ have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary,§ and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in

* One of the cathedrals in Dublin. F.

† The book wherein Mrs. Brent kept the account of the money lent by Dr. Swift to poor industrious tradesmen, in small sums, without interest. F.

‡ Mr. Fairbrother. F.

§ A village at the sea-side near Dublin. F.

the

the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatnings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them enclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. Worral does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky.* I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town: if so, I have but an ill subdean.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

P. S. Tell Mrs. Brent, that if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheads was left unracked.

* A most delightful island, within six or seven miles of Dublin. F.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

GALLSTOWN, NEAR KINNEGAD,

MY LORD, SEPT. 28, 1721.

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the first instant; and although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that if I should write sooner it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble, before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of September 1, was not the first you had writ, because, about ten days after, a friend sent me word, that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer; whereas I can assure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health, to prevent a successor: that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us.

It

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's* than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank:† and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse, my lord, in misinterpreting the ladies favour, as if you must die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary; and if you die, you will lose their favour for ever: I am commanded to tell you so; and therefore at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the bishop of Bangor,‡ despairing of doing any good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James

* Charles duke of Grafton. F.

† At this time there was a proposal for a national bank in Ireland; which was rejected by parliament. F.

‡ Dr. Benjamin Hoadly. F.

of the Peak* said to Bouchier the gamester, "Sirrah, "I shall look better than you, when I have been a "month in my grave." A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned: that I was not so liberal of my contempt; nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace, and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forgot who was his predecessor; and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your grace (as you say) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence (but my paper will not hold all) except lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own, my head and your grace's feet would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a postboy, and find some little success; but *subeunt morbi tristisque senectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my lord Oxford

* Sir James of the Peak is described by Mrs. Manley in the "New Atalantis," as a notorious gamester; he bears the same character in Dr. King's works, vol. II. p. 245; and his gaming on Sundays is censured by the Examiner, see No. 46. From his skill in play he was called "monsieur le chevalier," by the fools he had cheated of their estates. N.

and

and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it; to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dextrous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare ———

I am just now told from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior,* is dead; I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss; and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,
and obedient servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. JACKSON, AT GALLSTOWN.†

DUBLIN, OCT. 6, 1721.

I HAD no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame. I fell upon a supposition that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but not one of the family besides, who I confess had reason enough to be weary of a man, who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures,

* He died Sept. 18, 1721. N.

† Copied from the original in the possession of two Irish ladies, of the name of Shenton (daughters of a late precentor of Christ church, Dublin.) N.

nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk. I baited at Clencurry, and got to Leslip between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my cathedral. There's a traveller. I forgot a long treatise copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem. Barry.—Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it, till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in; it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to tease you to the oar or the saddle. You can sit in your night-gown till noon without any reproaches.

I left a note for you with James Doyl, with commissions which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money; I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me, for now I have money and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

Farewell, go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity.

My service to all your girls.

I gave James Doyl two crowns, and a strict order to take care of [my our] gray-colt, which I desire you will second.

I had a perfect summer journey, and if I had staid much longer, I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, DUBLIN, NOV. 3, 1721.

YOU stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done, considering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanery? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me ten pounds and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday, like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a load on us, in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us: but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services; and I am with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

JAN. 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of September, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and babble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days which I spent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town house; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune.* Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and though I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal; a fault which our language often betrays those, who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with Seneca's purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like H. Guy,* who, among other excellent

* Henry Guy, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns, died February 23, 1710, and left to William Pulteney, esq. late earl of Bath, near forty thousand pounds,

cellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I first came to court; to be very moderate and modest in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate when I asked for myself. You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel; and to revenge Tully's, I am ready to fall foul of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and as if you imagined, that to have it believed that he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world, a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the gentiles.* Your partiality in his favour, shall bias me no more, than the pique which Dion Cassius and others show against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Were I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration at the expense of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your christian stoic wrote to the emperor's slave, Polybius.† Thus I think of

pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a-year; as the latter owns, in his answer to one part of a late infamous libel, &c. published in 1731, p. 39. B.

* It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. Jerom and St. Augustin to have been genuine. But Du Pin (Nouvelle Bibliothéque des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques, tom. I. p. 24, edit. 1690, 4to.) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics. B.

† Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium. B.

the

the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; though I join in condemning those points, which he introduced into the Latin style; those eternal witticisms strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Erasmus, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile.* Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned in his style and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far into the *mirabilia*, *inopinata*, *et paradoxa*; which Tully, and I think Seneca himself, ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord Digby;† but say it to no one

* It is printed in his Works, under the title of "Reflections upon Exile." B.

† George, lord Digby, afterward earl of Bristol. Dr. Swift, in a letter to lord Bolingbroke, April 5, 1729, styles lord Digby the prototype of lord Bolingbroke. B.

else,

else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause; with general applause, I mean, not universal. There was at Athens a wretch, who spit in the face of Aristides, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in England, beside lord Oxford, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digby's and Harley's are absolute strangers to one another. Touch a unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottoes for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and a half of these three, is hard. I have heard of Prior's death,*

* See p. 181. N.

and

and of his epitaph;* and have seen a strange book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor,† about the duke of Buckinghamshire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance Matt. lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord,‡ whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend Aristippus did to Dionysius; "you have money, which I want; I have wit and

* In the following triplet, written by himself:

"To me 'tis given to die: to you 'tis given
"To live. Alas! one moment sets us even;
"Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!"

Bp. Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721, says, "I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave; else I would have done it, to have showed his friends, that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He was buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser. I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of Westminster." Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1799, vol. II. p. 117. N.

† Richard Fiddes, D. D. published in 1721, in octavo, "A Letter in Answer to one from a Freethinker; occasioned by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire's Epitaph; wherein certain Passages in it that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the doctrine of the Soul's immortality asserted, &c." This was followed by a Second Letter, published the same year. B.

‡ Edward lord Harley, who married in October, 1713, the lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of John duke of Newcastle. B.

knowledge,

knowledge which you want." I long to see your "Travels;"* for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can show me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to Heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind: you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem, and the sincerest friendship.

FROM DR. SNAPE.

REVERENDSIR, WINDSOR APRIL 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate † who was undermining it; and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford; who upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired;

* Gulliver's. N. † Bishop Hoadly. B.

mired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding; and upon the whole, that he is a good choirman. The other, that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellower. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to show; and be ready to approve myself on any occasion, reverend sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate servant,

A. SNAPE.

TO VANESSA.

CLOGHER, JUNE 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at Kendal, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête-à-tête*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your law-suit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember

ber the china in the old house, and Rider street, and the colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same—*Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez. Adieu.*

TO THE SAME.

LOUGHGALL, COUNTY OF ARMAGH,
JULY, 13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was

to

to read, I know not how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathise with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

TO THE SAME.

AUGUST 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or

or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you: and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped, as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, OCT. 9, 1722.

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughgall, and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions since I left you: a bishop* of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a bishop.† I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired

* Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. N.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton, bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; and in 1729 archbishop of Cashell. N.

yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land; the consequence of which must be, that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended.—Your new bishop Bolton was born to be my tormentor; he ever opposed me as my subject,* and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the many favours they have shown me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hangdogs, that Dr. Howard may come into St. Werburgh's. So that I must either disoblige Whig and Tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power.—When you come to town, you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, &c. to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery furnace; I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity.—The wicked Tories themselves begin now to believe there was something of a plot; and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the treasury, and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston, directed to me, was opened in the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manly found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason: however I am not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent majesty's enemies, since

* Dr. Bolton had been chancellor of St. Patrick's. N.

you

you have been a state prisoner. Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines! — I hoped my brother Orrery * had loved his land too much to hazard it on revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.

You never saw any thing so fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms; I wish you would come and visit them; and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you.—It is said that

* Charles Boyle, born in August 1676, was entered, when only fifteen, of Christ's Church, Oxford; and early distinguished himself by publishing the life of Lysander, from the Greek of Plutarch; and still more, by his edition of Phalaris in 1695, and the consequent controversy with Dr. Bentley. He succeeded to the title of earl of Orrery, Aug. 23, 1703, on the death of his elder brother Lionel, and had a regiment given him; was elected a knight of the Thistle, Oct. 13, 1705; raised to the rank of major general in 1709, and sworn of the privy council. At the time the peace of Utrecht was settling, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the states of Flanders and Brabant, Jan. 11, 1710-11; and, for his services, was created baron Boyle, of Marston, in Somersetshire, Sept. 10, 1711. He resided at Brussels, as envoy, till June 1713; and, on the accession of king George I. was continued in his command in the army, made a lord of the bedchamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of Somerset, Dec. 3, 1714. He resigned his post in the bedchamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him; was committed to the Tower, Sept. 28, 1722, on suspicion of being concerned in Layer's plot; whence he was at last discharged, after suffering severely in his health; and died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57. His lordship's taste as a fine writer is well established; and the noble instrument invented by him, which bears his name, is a proof of his mechanical genius, he had also a peculiar turn to medicine; and bought and read whatever was published on that subject. N.

Kelly the parson * is admitted to Kelly the squire,† and that they are cooking up a discovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the Tories, I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise, that the Pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the Tories provoking his present majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than humane, during the whole course of his reign; which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked bishop of Rochester. — But enough of politics. I have no town news: I have seen nobody: I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort ‡ has got a dead palsy. Lady Betty § has been long ill. Dean Percivale ||

* George Kelly, taken up on suspicion of treasonable correspondence, was tried by the house of lords, found guilty, and sentenced to be confined in the Tower for life; but made his escape in 1736. N.

† Captain Dennis Kelly, who had a very good estate in Ireland, was committed to the Tower in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the Pretender. Mr. Kelly's daughter was honoured with the friendship of Dr. Swift: and several of her letters are in this collection of his works. N.

‡ Robert Rochfort, esq. He was made attorney general to king William, June 6, 1695; chosen speaker of the house of commons the same year; and appointed chief baron of the exchequer in 1707, in which post he continued till the death of the queen. N.

§ Wife to Mr. George Rochfort (the chief baron's son); and daughter to the earl of Drogheda. N.

|| Dr. William Percivale, archdeacon of Cashell in 1713, appears,

has answered the other dean's journal* in Grub-street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Percivale absolutely denies all the facts: insists that she never made candles of dripping; that Charly never had the chin-cough, *&c.*

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much better than he deserved. Remember me to honest Nanty and boy Barclay.

Ever yours, *&c.*

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, OCT. 11, 1722.

I OFTEN receive letters franked *Oxford,* but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Mynett.* His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family; and perpetually adds a clause, "That your lordship soon intends to write to me." I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement,

pears, by Boulter's Letters, to have been promoted in the year 1725 to the rectory of St. Michan's in Dublin. He was then a dean, and evidently the person here meant. Dr. Percivale died suddenly at Gaulstown, Oct. 10, 1727. N.

* See The Country Life, by Dean Swift, in the sixteenth volume of this collection. N.

that there is no enduring you: and you have reason for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution you have excelled mankind; and in this of retirement, you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion: and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: but, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me; whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which, never man was more proud, or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds (I mean of your money, not the public) I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? did you ever refuse me any thing I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expense. I ever told you, I was the richer

man

man of the two: and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.*

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

——*Veteres actus primamque juventam*
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise, in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

I entreat your lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton castle; because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Mynett has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life, with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and constant prayers are perpetually

* Thomas Pitt, esq. governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, where he resided many years, and gained an immense fortune. In 1716, he was made governor of Jamaica, but resigned that post in 1717. He died April 28, 1726. It having been reported, that he gained his famous diamond by a stretch of power, he declared in a very solemn manner, that he purchased it fairly of an eminent diamond-merchant, for 48,000 pagodas, or 20,400l. It was reckoned the largest jewel in Europe, and weighed 127 carats. When polished, it was as big as a pullet's egg. The cuttings amounted to eight or ten thousand pounds. He sold it to the king of France for 135,000l. N.

offered up for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me: or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My lord and lady Harriot, my brother and sister,* pretend to atone by making me fine presents; but I would have his lordship know, that I would value two of his lines, more than two of his manors, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, DEC. 22, 1722.

AFTER every postday, for these eight or nine years I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley. I think of you very often: nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the Bath this season: but I had one comfort in being

* The members of the club of sixteen all called one another brothers, and consequently their wives were sisters to the several members. D. S.

disappointed,

disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.*

I lodge at present in Burlington-house, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear sir,

Your most obliged, and sincere humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you; and shall never forget his obligations to you.

* In a letter to Gay, during his illness, Mr. Pope says, "If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be as to other cares and duties." N.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, DEC. 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but toward summer, I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea)* shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in short I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on January 7, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.——Well, I shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Fad's,† with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress.—We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Arsellagh, when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other.

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy. F.

† Faden. F.

What

What fowl have you but the weep? what hairs, but Mrs. Macfaden's gray hairs? what pease but your own? Your mutton and your wether are both very bad, and so is your wedder mutton. Wild fowl is what we like.—How will this letter get to you?—A fortnight good from this morning, you will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics, no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable master Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journies to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, &c. T.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, JAN. 8, 1722 3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design

design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am toward nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish

wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time,* when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even

* At what period of time, in the English history, was not this the case, and the true state of things? Dr. Warton.

one

one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodged in your house, to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanery house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here: or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here: would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, *&c.* JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

JAN. 12, 1722-3.

I FIND a rebuke in a letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter;

letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given*) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift still lives in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live; and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Beside my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date, are such as were yours before; lord Oxford, lord Harcourt, and lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you:† lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is surely my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my con-

* Alluding to his large work on Homer. WARBURTON.

† This circumstance is curious, as it shews to whom Pope was indebted for his introduction to lords Oxford, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke. BOWLES.

stant

stant host was the bishop of Rochester.* Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius at the expense of another.† I tremble for my lord Peterborow, whom I now lodge with; he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general:‡ and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions § A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life, cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected

* Dr. Atterbury. WARBURTON.

† The bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for lord Bolingbroke's return, was his banishment; an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. WARBURTON.

‡ This Mr. Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Sept. 9, 1710, he says: "When we were in the North, my lord Wharton showed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain (Lord Peterborow.) I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he showed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business." WARBURTON.

§ This affected cant has been properly adverted to by Johnson.

POWELL

have

have made me less fond of, and less surprised at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein * you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to use the freedom of friendship, with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers,† unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need

* Whatever might have been his merry vein, "his Satires" are no proofs of his "quietness of mind, which by fits improves into cheerfulness." BOWLES.

† This affected disdain of "Poets and Scribblers" is in his usual strain. BOWLES.

for an éclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is vain, as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, JAN. 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the dean of Downe a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage;

advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of Dublin * should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do: and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

LONDON, FEB. 3, 1722–3.

YOU made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my

* Dr. William King, B.

book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it; but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not lost any thing of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but duke Disney, who knows more intelligence than any body besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me, he had written you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to England and see your friends. This he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has just now embarked himself in another great

great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the Odyssey in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South-sea. He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supped about a fortnight ago with lord Bathurst and Lewis, at Dr Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced, that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely music; real fiddles, base-viols, and haut-boys; not poetical harps, lyres, and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, I sing, but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of music, as they were in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio. People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Cæsar; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For, in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance, in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of con-

sequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's and Mr. Kent's,* to Mr. Ford. I am, dear sir,

Your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. My paper was so thin, that I was forced to make use of a cover. I do not require the like civility in return.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR, DUBLIN, FEB. 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy before now, if an ugly depending chapter business had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbishop, the chapter, the Dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robert Grattan; but the rest have their different schemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day

* A celebrated gardener, to whom Pope, speaking of Esher, a seat of the late Mr. Pelham's, pays a most elegant compliment; "Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love." H.

or

or two, and do what is necessary now, before the season is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled); and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth and Mr. Cross, and probably all may come to nothing—— *Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually — Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead?

I am ever your's,

JON. SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, DEANERY HOUSE, FEB. 22, 1722–3.

MR. CHETWODE * intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day, and entreated me to

* Knightly Chetwode, Esq. who had very good pretensions to an English peerage, for which he presented several memorials; but to no purpose. B.

speak to your grace before he delivered it, which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to enclose this letter, which your grace may please to read, and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, MAY 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Woodpark with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do, till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a spright. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey; and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one Christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the bishop of Clonfert* who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me. You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevish, that I can bear no other country

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton. N.

place

place in this kingdom; I quarrel every where else and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made; which is, to profess sincerely that I never found any thing wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children, with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wonder why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house; and I love the very spleen of you and Mrs. Cope, better than the mirth of any others you can help me to; it is indeed one additional good circumstance that Tisdall will be absent. I am sorry to say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loss of good nature; the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in any one but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cope; and pray God bless your fireside! It will spare Dr. Jinny* the trouble of a letter, if he knows from you in a few days that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July. — It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas. — If you want news, seek other correspondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary

* A clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

of

of us, for want of company. He is a tavern man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times. I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accounts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter; but I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than your's, *&c.*

TO THE SAME.

JUNE 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago: perhaps my letter miscarried: I desired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I staid five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the Bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this is to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny, soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message;

message; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance. If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you would come to the bishop's, if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It seems they are resolved to find out plots here when the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and the chief justice and postmaster are gone on purpose to bring them over, and they will raise fifty thousand pounds on the papists here. The bishop of Meath* says, "The bishop of Rochester was always a silly fellow."

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdall. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God for all things! Bermudas† goes low. The walk

* Dr. John Evans; whose urbanity may be estimated from his conduct to Dr. Swift in 1721. See p. 164. N.

† Alluding to Dr. Berkeley's project of founding a University at Bermuda. This excellent Divine, by Dr. Swift's recommendation, went to Sicily with lord Peterborow, as secretary and chaplain.——His letters to Mr. Pope from Leghorn and Naples (see that Poet's Works) make us regret that there are only thee of them. One letter to him from Mr. Pope is in Mr. Duncombe's collection.—During Dr. Berkeley's absence, Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was then one of the senior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. He returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1721 was advanced to the deanery of Derry; where he was no sooner settled than he formed the benevolent plan which he published, in 1725, under the title of, "A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations, and for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." Having obtained a royal charter, dean Berkeley set sail for Rhode Island in September 1728. But,

walk toward the bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the king and bishop of Rochester's * leaving England; a good journey and speedy return to one, and the other, is an honest Whig wish. And so I remain, ever entirely yours, *&c.*

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.†

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me, the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours,

But, not finding himself supported in this laudable design, by those who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731; and, in a sermon preached at Bow-church, Feb. 18, 1731–2, before the Society for propagating the Gospel, gave a full account of his pious labours. He was promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, March 5, 1733; in which high station he steadily persevered in his truly patriotic endeavours to benefit the community, as appears by some valuable tracts in the volume of his Miscellanies, 1752. The earl of Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, offered him a richer see; which he with great modesty declined. He died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, Jan. 14, 1753; having settled there a few months before, to superintend the education of his son. N.

* Dr. Atterbury embarked at Dover, June 18, 1723. See the Epistolary Correspondence of that learned Prelate, ed. 1789, vol. II. p. 274. N.

† This letter was printed at the end of the quarto edition very faultily (as for instance, *Arabians* for *Zabians*, Egyptian *Seres* for *seers*, &c.) occasioned by its being taken from Curll's stolen copy only: the original having been since recovered among Dr. Swift's papers, it is now correctly printed. F.

and

and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) were it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform, and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind,* has been these many years devoted to one object.† A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my

* Bolingbroke was a man of intrigue, and *affected* to be so. Bowles.

† Bolingbroke's first wife, with whom he lived unhappily, was descended from the famous Jack of Newbury. Notwithstanding his lordship's former gallantries, no one was more sincerely and affectionately attached afterwards to his wife. Bowles.

friends,

friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it, and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement * should cast me back into the hurry of

* Bolingbroke, like Pope, deceived himself, or spoke exactly *contrary* to what he *felt*. No man was more aspiring and ambitious,

of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you, *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it

tious, and no man ever enjoyed less that philosophical retirement which he affected to prize. He adorned his house with pictures of rural implements, rakes, spades, harrows; and perhaps persuaded himself for a little while, that he was the perfect tranquil hermit of the shades: but no one is really tranquil by effort; the very parade of contentment he assumes, proves the contrary. When he was in France, he amused himself chiefly by hunting in the Royal Forests. Bowles.

now

now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave, better than the fool: One must, indeed, with the former, be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures, the witty rascal will divert me: and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

CLONFERT, AUG. 3, 1723.

NO, I cannot, possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p————t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders; but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rid. With love, and service, and so, adieu.

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, SEPT. 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here——*Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your Pretenders to retirement,* you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi & fuga sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education,

* Swift was too sensible an observer of nature to be deceived by the language of Bolingbroke or Pope, however they might perhaps deceive themselves. BOWLES.

and

and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry, as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me;* I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have met with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done; they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they would be united would drive the world before them.† I

* Yet they are the Christian notions. WARBURTON.

† Swift, the moment he has shewn his superiority of understanding over Bolingbroke and Pope, seems willing, in his turn, (so weak is nature,) to make full amends, by uttering sentiments as narrow-minded, and much more arrogant. His ideas are more absurd than theirs, and more unworthy of a man of sense, as theirs is the expression of *unperceived* self love, and dictated by their own immediate feelings, whilst his seems to be the result of general reflections on human nature. BOWLES.

think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus: but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita solutorum, &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who has passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.——I think there are no more *eodem tertios* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with lord Peterborow, or he with you!

I am ever, *&c.*

FROM

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.*

DEAR SIR, NOV. . . . . 1723.

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as lord Bathurst, Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom bush, and found when daylight appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish Whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronstere water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take

* Endorsed; "Received Nov. 17, 1723." N.

my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment;) he was so bad that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he was recovered by the use of that water to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The Dragon is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B ——— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver * is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and Lady Masham, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever. In

* Erasmus Lewis, esq. who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, ep. vii. b. 1, is so called.

"This Lewis is a, arrant shaver" N

public

public affairs, he has kept, as Tacitus says, *Mediam iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam.*— He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them.

I am faithfully, dear sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, DEC. 9, 1723.

I FIND by yours of the 6th of November, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I cannot account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprised at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in; for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For, to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the Irish are endowed with. I am very sorry

to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least, have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we are overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way toward my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and I hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother * and mine know, that you remembered him in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am with great sincerity and respect,

Your most faithful friend,
and humble servant.

* In the society of sixteen, Charles, lord Butler of Weston, and earl of Arran, brother to the duke of Ormond, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of Oxford. E.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

DEC. 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me, it cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at least made me forget my pain. I told the persons who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprise at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from Ireland; at which, to say the truth, I did not observe that their surprise diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country), told the others, that Ireland had been called *insula sanctorum:* that by the acquaintance he had at the Irish college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure the three pages were filled with *matière d'ædificatiou, et matière de consolation*, which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned rosicrusian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much

* This letter appears to have been written from France, though lord Bolingbroke had come over to England in the latter end of June this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of May. B.

knowledge

knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the sages who deal in occult sciences have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in Ireland. I stopped these guessers, and others who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjurer. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced him to judge: but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say, that our friend Pope seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given

given you an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England. Write *minister*, friend Jonathan, and scrape out the words, *either*, *power*, *or*; after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man * who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it. We talk of characters; match me that if you can, among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable: and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect,

* Lord Oxford. N.

that

that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in English (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The Latin I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

FROM LADY MASHAM.*

DEAR SIR, FEB. 1723–4.

IT is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire

* Endorsed, "Received Feb. 20, 1723–4." N.

after

after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can show it only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,

H. MASHAM.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD, APRIL 28, 1724.

MANY of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared lord lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and upon inquiry you will find, that there is not one

one person of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people, will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you enclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the earl of Abercorn: the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greatest persons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to save their country from utter destruction; for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor, nor troublesome solicitor; but ever, with the greatest respect, my lord, remain,

Your excellency's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, JUNE 9, 1724.

IT is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it: and I can say, that during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them, by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I kno

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter, by every new high station; but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship; and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect, my lord,

Your excellency's most obedient
and most humble servant.
JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, ARLINGTON-STREET, JUNE 20, 1724.

TO begin by confessing, myself in the wrong, will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through have hitherto had the effects upon me which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident

dent from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing that shall give you occasion to think that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated the 28th of April, your second the 9th of June. By the date of this, you will see that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination;* and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to its prosperity, I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be with great truth, sir,

Your most faithful and
affectionate humble servant,
CARTERET.

* That of Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Ireland, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of England, who, on the 24th of July, 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee. B.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, JULY 9, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer, yet, with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting woman, who told her lady, "That nothing vexed "her more than to be caught in a lie." But what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwise, we who pretend to be free speakers in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretel that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My, lord, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, DUBLIN JULY 14, 1724.

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the Primate's death,* who died yesterday, at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the bishop of Kildare,† and his steward Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town; but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000l.; others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please: but I am too great a stranger to your

* When our author was chaplain to lord Berkeley, he was set aside from the deanery of Derry on account of youth; but, as if his stars had destined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the bishop of Derry afterward set aside on account of age. That Prelate had been archbishop of Dublin many years, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsay died. Upon his death, archbishop King immediately laid claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent: he was looked upon as too far advanced in years to be removed. The reason alleged was as mortifying as the refusal itself: but the archbishop had no opportunity of showing his resentment, except to the new Primate Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, "My Lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because you know I am too old to rise." See Orrery's Remarks, Let. iii. W. B.

† Dr Ellis. N.

present situation at court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you; because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped, that your grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hospital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence of Mr. Bouherean,* and saw one paper, which proved a bank note for 500l. The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same hospital; I was in pain, because workmen were in the room and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's; and, in the presence of Mrs. Green,† I took away the note, and have it secured in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under my hand will pass for 500l. I wish your grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect,

My lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

* A French clergyman. F.

† The archbishop's housekeeper. F.

TO

TO EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, JULY, 1724.

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health; yet the news of it struck me so sensibly, that I had not spirit enough to condole with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue; but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It has pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist, that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat another and much greater favour of your lordship, that at your leisure hours, you would please to inspect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of use toward writing his life: which I have sometimes

mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints; but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion; and expect your justice to believe, that I am, and shall ever be, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
most obliged, and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, ARLINGTON-STREET, AUG. 4, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the last writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers, and I am resolved to give you complete satisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I shall be that last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him less now than you

you did ten years ago. I do not know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to show, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which has outshone most of this age, and, when you will display it again, can convince us that its lustre and strength are still the same.

Once more, I commit myself to your censure, and am,

Sir, with great respect,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, SEP. 3, 1724.

BEING ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse; and so it has happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence; that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself.

To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for, since I left England, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth eleven hundred pounds a year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of course, attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge, and many other eminent persons, were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with my lord Peterborow; and upon his lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry.

Derry. Your excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England, his conquests are greater; and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him, by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision: but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home; or assist him by your credit, to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now, in all humility, entreat one favour of you, as you are lord lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his

his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion here is, that the accusation is false and malicious: and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry, has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour, and, perhaps, will tell you, "That as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in inclining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;" although I have reason to be confident, that they neither need nor desire more than justice. I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have said is pardonable in every respect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different, toward your person and high station, from what have appeared toward others.

I have

I have no other excuse for the length of this letter, but a faithful promise, that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time.

I am, *&c.*

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

SEPTEMBER 12, 1724.

IT is neither sickness, nor journies, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of June; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for aught either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects, for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and, by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination; and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem

* Endorsed "Answered, December." N.

to

to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me: and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion, and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends with whom I pass my time you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that paragraph of your letter which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister;* and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in a history of the first twenty years of this century,

* The earl of Oxford, who died in June 1724. N.

which

which I believe I shall write if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poëtis, non di, non homines, &c.* I did not send them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour if you criticised them. Pope took the best party, for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is to consider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort*, in English freethinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it; and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go further. Revealed Religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of Natural Religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in English) of the former, to you who built, or at least repair the house, and who show the rooms, that to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundations of the other. And between you and me, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances. But still your intention is not to demolish. Whereas the *esprit fort*,

fort, or the freethinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or freethinker, you only mean a man who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it: you mean a wise and honest man, and such a one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the *Staffs*,* when you set out upon one of your dirty journies. Such freethinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers must needs be christians on the best foundation; on that which St. Paul himself established (I think it was St. Paul) *omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*

But you have a further security from these freethinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and

* An allusion to Bickerstaff. N.

to

to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you.* The peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and therefore, as those among them who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those

* Notwithstanding the declarations made by lord Bolingbroke in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. Mallet, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, as appears by a letter from Mr. Mallet to lord Hyde, viscount Cornbury, now in the British Museum. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions which he has advanced against religion are true: for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast, man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the mischief, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical than any hitherto upon record in the history of any age or nation. Mallet had a pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at Bolingbroke's instigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose, that he could seriously think any obligation to print Bolingbroke's infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature. The paragraph in lord Bolingbroke's will, by which his writings are bequeathed to Mallet; the letter which lord Cornbury wrote to Mallet, upon hearing he was about to publish the letters, including those on sacred history, and Mallet's answer; are, for the reader's satisfaction, printed in the fourteenth volume of this collection. Lord Cornbury's letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has achieved since the world began. H.

whom

whom reason enlightened by grace has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus, exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? or that religion, which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinosa, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to show why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to London, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that London is in my apprehension as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine

amine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be styled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason which Brutus gave, "Because wherever he goes he carries his virtue with him." There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject; and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word Ireland was struck out of the paper you mention; that it is to satisfy your curiosity: and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about,* returns into England at the end of October. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not so far from London to Dublin as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth seeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise, that you will, in a fort-

* His lordship's second wife, a French lady. H.

night, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you

Inter vina fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ?

Adieu.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, WIMPOLE, NOV. 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that amid my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a greater addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, "If he had left any memoirs behind him;" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I have the satisfaction

faction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow nobody to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say, that if you do not come into England, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be nobody more welcome to me than yourself; you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you: I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, That he did design to sit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of: if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister,* as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the Bath for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope: he has taken another voyage into Homer-land,† as Gay calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, That since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun I do

* Lady Oxford. D. S.

† Translation of the Odyssey. D. S.

not know when to end; I will therefore tell you what I am with great truth, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

FROM A QUAKER.*

WHEN THREE HUNDRED POUNDS WERE OFFERED FOR TAKING UP THE DRAPIER, IN 1724.

"AND the people said unto Saul, 'Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in 'Israel? God forbid: As the LORD liveth, there 'shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; 'for he wrought with God this day.' So the people "rescued Jonathan that he died not."†

* Another member of this pacific tribe has testified his esteem for our author in a more substantial manner, if we may be allowed to say, "A solid gammon weighs down empty praise." See a letter dated March, 29, 1724. N.

† 1 Sam. chap. xiv. ver. 45.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

JAN. 25, 1724-5.

I HAVE a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to morrow to Kells, and enclosed to Mr. Tickell there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which has put us all seventy times out of patience.—I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. Stanton and Worral to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickaxe, that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown,* and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs. Johnson (God help her!) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

* This should be '*overflowed*,' as overflown is the participle of the verb to overfly. S.

You would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present, hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, *&c.*

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

The blessings of a country life.

Far from our debtors,
o Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

The

The Plagues of a Country Life.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose;
A church without pews.
Our horses astray,
No straw, oats or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

TO MRS. PRATT,

ON HER PRESENT OF A FIRE SCREEN, ADORNED WITH PAINTED MAPS.

MADAM, MARCH, 18, 1724–5.

MRS. Fitzmaurice did the unkindest thing she could imagine: she sends an open note by a servant (for she was too much a prude to write me a letter,) desiring that the dean of St. Patrick's should enquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the customhouse, where they told me the ship was expected every day: but the god of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice, to teaze me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience, between hope and fear, worse than a lady who is in pain that

her clothes will not be ready against the birth-day. I will not move your good nature, by representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling which of them should get it for her own apartment. At last Mr. Medlycott, whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival: he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the customhouse, sent my screen to the deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair, but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present: the ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing showed a better judgment, than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send The World to me. However, one of the ladies affirmed, "That your gift was an open reflection upon my age; that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather; and that

she could not imagine how any of her sex would send a screen to a gentleman, without a design to insinuate, that he was absolutely *un homme sans consequence*." For my own part, I confess, I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it.

See how ill you bestow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity: but I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them; therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present, just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own vine, or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen, and bless the giver; but I cannot promise it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I just observe, that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground; which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work.

I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoic Mr. Pratt; and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Savile.

Mr.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern; and sometimes with clergymen, for want of better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like any thing.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my lady Carteret, for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with lady Worseley; if so, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed; whereupon, being at that time confined by a deafness, I writ her a most cavalier letter, which, being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miss Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, DEANERY-HOUSE, APRIL 17, 1725.

I HAVE been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head (both old distempers) that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hastentng into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, or how soon you may think fit to leave

leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency and my lady Carteret, my most humble acknowledgments for your great civilities toward me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have only one humble request to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated lord lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church living, to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a school-master. His constitution is so weak, that, in a few years, he must give up his business; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My lord bishop of Elphin has promised to recommend this request to your excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain with the utmost respect, my lord, *&c.*

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, JUNE 28, 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights rest, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living* the furthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth two hundred pound a year, my lord lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the bishop of Cork,† he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, *&c.* Be not disappointed if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of

* In the county of Cork. H. † Dr. Peter Brown. H.

your

your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe; pray act like a man of this world. I doubt being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man: but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth: and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy, while you are there. It is one good circumstance, that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please, but do not let them be your tenants: advise with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living; so will the proctors and tithe jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr. Townshend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.—Take the oaths heartily, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions: for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, JUNE 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin,* should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter.† I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas apiece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next; therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

* Mrs. Mackfadin was mother to Dr. Sheridan's wife. H.

† He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead. H.

I know

I know not whether you are under the bishop of Cork, or not; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses, no, not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be less than 30 days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August; but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your illwishers will give out, you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, *&c.*

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worral; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know, it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, *&c.*

JON. SWIFT.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, JULY 3, 1725.

I AM obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment.*

Since your excellency has had an opportunity so early in your government of gratifying your English dependants by a bishopric, and the best deanery in the kingdom,† I cannot but hope that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who has not a near alliance with some of that body; and

* A schoolmaster. N. † Downe. N.

most

most of them who have sons usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented, by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those Prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here, have no better prospect than to be curates, or small country vicars, for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For I believe your excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were Dr. Delany,

Dr. Ward of the north, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet;* they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom: because, in that case, I generally made use of the common method at court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expecters under your excelleney's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best; and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those, from whom I least expected it.

* Dr. Francis Corbet succeeded Dr. Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's; and died in August 1775, at the age of 92. N.

That

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of,

My lord,

Your excellency's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRALL.

QUILCA, JULY 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, beside my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this last quarter), and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt * has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say

* Deputy vice-treasurer of Ireland. N.

no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds.—All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan * the critic, says, the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the —— from the wall-fruit.† You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was

* Master of the freeschool at Enniskillen. F.

† In Naboth's vineyard. D. S.

enough,

enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo.* who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanery house, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JON. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanery for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

* Mr. Beaumont, an eminent tallowchandler at Trim, in the county of Meath. D. S.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LONDON, JULY 24, 1725.

MR. Ford will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises, and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me at liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those who had the least mind to see me in England have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two thirds restored, my person safe (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of sir Walter Raleigh); and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of Ireland; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richest galleon. Ford brought the dean of Derry * to see me.

* Dr. Berkeley, of whom see a further account in a letter to lord Carteret, Sept. 3, 1724, p. 247. H.

Unfortunately

Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father Malebranche,* and who is fond of going a missionary in the West Indies. My zeal for the propagation of the gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against Europe has more than once made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people with whom I have past the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate,

* The system of Malebranche, here referred to, was, "that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things in God." In other words, material objects are but the causes of our ideas. Berkeley, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings and external objects with such subtilty, that Whiston acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to Dr. Clarke. The doctor, however, did not perform it, and the dissertation remains unanswered to this time, except what has been attempted by Baxter in his Treatise on the Soul. Bayle says, that Malebranche's system was only that of Democritus, amended and unfolded. H.

not to suffer the currency of Wood's halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I do not dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God knows: but surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. Ford says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your star * will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER-STREET, JULY 26, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,

MR. Clayton going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call,

* Mrs. Johnson, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of Stella. H.

but

but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of dean Berkeley:* I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall exert more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since ———. Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jarvis painted.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant and brother,
OXFORD.

* Dr. Berkeley was then the dean of Derry. D. S.

TO

TO MR. WORRAL.

QUILCA, AUG. 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to show your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. Webb, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniences. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar, than a country palace.

I would

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the furthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan * the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

JON. SWIFT.

* A very worthy clergyman. F.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER-STREET, AUG. 30, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, esq. our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mrs. Ford, and my lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might show the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jarvis drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. Jarvis is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

TO

TO MR. WORRALL.

QUILCA, AUG. 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer,* I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay Jo. Beaumont four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

JON. SWIFT.

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds eight shillings.

* Mrs. Harding. F.

FROM MR. ROCHFORT.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 9, 1725.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you the other night, and therefore if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt to Belcamp * this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in the parish,† where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE ROCHFORT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, SEPT. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last

* Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from Dublin. F.

† St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the deanery. F.

was

was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in Ireland, who would allow a potatoe and butter milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock.* For as Don Quixote said to Sancho, what business had you to speak of a halter in a family, where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection, that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think, that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less This is an old true lesson. You believe, every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest: and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as any body, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man

* "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" on which Dr. Sheridan preached on the first of August H.

than

than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics, and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts than to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord lieutenant, nor whether he is altered toward you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down, whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away.

away. Lord Oxford said once to me on an occasion, these fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it. When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the castle, keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer;* frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those, who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

SEPT. 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power toward the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with which (after all) I set down a gainer, since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more

* He was private secretary to lord Carteret. H.

seeing you. After so many dispersions, and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as, perhaps, at one time of life or other, take their tour in every man) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels * I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful investigation † of my own territories.‡ I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you will be pleased with one another I will engage, though you do not hear one another: you will converse, like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at court, yet no party woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the

* Gulliver. WARBURTON.

† The Essay on Man. WARBURTON.

‡ This is the first notice he gives Swift of his great work: and is so obscure here, that Swift certainly could not guess at the subject; written 1725. DR. WARTON.

bowels;

bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Yours, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, SEPT. 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up miss, with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord? Who forbad you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe?* Do you think my lord acts thus, because

* Richard Tighe, esq. a privy counsellor, and member of the Irish parliament. This gentleman, of whom the Dean seems to have had an unfavourable opinion, "hitches in a rhyme," in a poem addressed to Mr. Lindsay in 1728; vol. XVII. N.

he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think, that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the enclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I shall see the lord lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however advise with Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Balaguer. I should fancy that the bishop of Limerick* could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the effect will cease with the cause. But without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words Tory and Jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c. was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a gaming-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of Octo-

* Dr. William Burscough. N.

ber

ber, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the enclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the lord lieutenant.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, SEPT. 25, 1725.

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent enclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head), and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the but end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dulness; and he shall not fail of them

while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her and your horses shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own, till you have walked in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi.* When the lord lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism; I told you I had lost your letter enclosed, which you intended to lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

TO

TO MR. POPE.

SEPT. 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grande monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in, relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.* I have employed my time (beside ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels,† in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions, but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is, to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations: lord treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more, at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is toward individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love coun-

* The liberties of St. Patrick's Cathedral. N

† Gulliver's Travels. N.

sellor such a one, and judge such a one: It is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man;* although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell) and I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*,† and to show it would be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less, from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery. — I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in

* A sentiment that dishonoured him as a man, a christian, and a philosopher! as indeed did his conduct towards Miss Vanhomrigh, and his cruelty towards Mrs. Johnson, which cannot be palliated, nor pardoned. Dr. Warton.

† There is no person so capable of doing the greatest injury to public morals, as a man of great talents, but of mistaken and perverted sensibility. Bowles.

building

building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady* whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court lady, but then she is a most damnable party woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it,† I would burn my

* Perhaps Pope meant Mrs. Howard, with whom Swift might not at this time be acquainted. Bowles.

† Had Swift looked further, and with a more liberal eye, he might perhaps have found in the world *more* than a *dozen* Arbuthnots!! This is something like poor Cowper's idea, who, being disgusted with the world, fell in love with the first venerable gentlewoman he saw at Huntingdon, and wondered all the world was not like her; when probably he would have met with a being just as good in the first respectable old lady he saw on a Sunday going to church at Brentford! What heart, however, can blame Cowper, when we consider his general philanthropy and kindness,

my travels! but however he is not without fault: there is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent christian, though not a catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord-lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as lord Leicester called those sorts of verses) on miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that lord Bolingbroke

kindness, his sensibilities and energies, perverted like Swift's, but always amiable; and even in their greatest weakness commanding respect, veneration, and sympathy: and who but must speak with tenderness of a mind that produced the pathetic and affecting Stanzas, "To Mary." Bowles.

is

is much hurt by a fall in hunting.* I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he has not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no more discretion.

FROM MR. POPE.

OCT. 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming toward us, and you incline more and more to your old friends in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our vortex. Here is one,† who was once a powerful planet, but has now

* From Bolingbroke's letters to Sir William Wyndham, it appears how attached he was, or at least thought himself, to this diversion: which probably was like his *farming*, a mere attempt,

"To beguile the *thing* he was,
By seeming *otherwise*." Othello. BOWLES.

† Bolingbroke. It is said, in a Letter which is printed in his name, that there were only three men capable of governing; one was *himself*, another *Pope!!* Laughable as this may appear, I do not think it very unlikely he should have said so. A man, who rates his own abilities at the highest, in proportion as the world in general neglects them, thinks *that person* only fit to rank *next to* him, who *alone* has discernment enough to *appreciate* his *transcendental* talents!! Pope says, in this letter, that his friend is

"*Paulo minus ab angelis*."

This was probably his lordship's own opinion; and hence his admiration of his friend's *discernment!*

When Bolingbroke talks of *retirement*, it is the language of vexation and disappointment affecting the tone of philosophy. BOWLES.

(after

(after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than that of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason: if they do not promote him, they will spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

> But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In George's reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly he was thought to have dealt with

with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady* whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall, I wish he had received no more by his other fall; lord Oxford had none by his. But lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind, since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paulo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them eat your book, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I would not tell you what designs† I have in my head

* Mrs. Howard. How wofully Gay was disappointed is now well known, and the cause of it. Bowles.

† This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthrophy in the foregoing letter; and which he supposed might be chiefly

head (beside writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's* principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (such a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu. — What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkeley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme.† Lord Oxford and lord Boling-

chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for Rochefoucault, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature. Dr. Warton.

* "Who is the great Philosopher," says Addison, "for administering of consolation to the idle, the curious, and the worthless part of mankind." Dr. Warton.

† His scheme for a religious settlement at Bermudas. Bowles.

broke

broke in health, Duke Disney* so also; sir William Wyndham better, lord Bathurst well. These and some other, preserve their ancient honour, and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad a one as yours, and hated by all bad people, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner:

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, OCT. 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I

* Duke Disney is often mentioned with affectionate and familiar kindness by the party. He lived at Greenwich, as appears by Gay's ballad:

"I hear facetious Disney say,
Duke, that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay."

BOWLES.

am

am in distress; in consequence of which I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them, occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new impostures (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham has an imposthume: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the dean of St. Patrick's revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of our old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary, that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book * (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not

* Gulliver's Travels. N.

be

be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry, that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I long to see you, and am most sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, DOVER-STREET, OCT. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
OXFORD.

TO MR. POPE.

NOV. 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in

your

your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing but in a better manner. Pray tell my lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi.* My lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before the letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea; I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament *(sub sigillo confessionis)* that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P * * is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish Prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on miss Carteret. It is on miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not,

because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ——— than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him *; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations—Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity.—

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. WARBURTON.

Mævius

Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame,* it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and I will write again without concerning myself whether you write or not.

I am, &c. JON. SWIFT.

TO DR. STOPFORD.

WRETCHED DUBLIN, IN MISERABLE IRELAND,

DEAR JIM, NOV. 26, 1725.

I HAD your kind letter from Paris, dated Nov. 14, N. S. I am angry with you for being so short, unless you are resolved not to rob your journal book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of K. C. I. will be a great present whenever I shall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your return from Italy; for my lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.

Mr. Pope is very angry with you, and says you look on him as a prophet, who is never esteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you but will be pacified if you see him when you come back. Your other correspondents tell me, that Mr. G. beside his clothes, lost 200l. in money, which to me you slur over. I like your Indian's answers

* "I desire fame," says a certain philosopher, "let this occur: if I act well, I shall have the esteem of all my acquaintance; and what is all the rest to me?" Dr. WARTON

well; but I suppose the queen was astonished if she was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnson denies you to be a slave, and says you are much more so in quality of a governor; as all good princes are slaves to their subjects. I think you are justly dealt with: You travelled with liberty to work your slavery, and now you travel with slavery to work your liberty. The point of honour will not be so great, but you have equal opportunities to inform yourself and satisfy your curiosity. The happier you were abroad in your first travels, the more miserable you were at your return; and now the case will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feverish disorder, and the consequences of it, but now am as usual with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the house of commons, with a little remains of the nation's spirit against Wood's coin, are opposing the court in their unreasonable demands of money to satisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the crown, and all party but that of court and country seem to be laid asleep. I have said and writ to the lieutenant what I thought was right, and so have my betters; but all *surdis auribus:* This is enough for such a hermit as I to tell you of public matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough absent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumour of the king's being dead, or dying at Hanover, which has not the least effect on any passion in me. Dr. Delany is a most perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baseness of the world; Dr. Helsham *à son aise* at home or abroad; the dean of

of St. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons. You are desired to bring over a few of the testons, and what d'ye call (Julio's, I think) of Parme, Florence, and Rome, which some people would be glad of for curiosities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I desire when you would buy two to buy three, and the third shall be taken off your hands, with thanks, and all accidents be answered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have just found out that their fathers, sons, and brothers, are not made bishops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it should be otherwise; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for any thing but giving money. Your brother paid the money to the lady;—What would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are starving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the provost has absolutely given away all your pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all such beasts while you live. I excused your bashfulness to the lieutenant, who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiser nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools; and he seems to mistake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no sugar plums. Our dean Maule and Dr. Tisdall have taken upon them the care of the church, and make wise speeches

of what they will amend in St. Andrew's vestry every week to a crew of parsons of their own kind and importance. The Primate and the earl of Cavan govern the house of lords. The A. B. D. * attacked the same in the castle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a Walsh black, which the other excused, alleging, he was preferred to it by lord Townshend. It is a cant word for a deer stealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honour of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit. If you cannot match me that in Italy, step to Muscovy, and from thence to the Hottentots. I am just going out of town for two days, else I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bless you, and send you safe back to this place, which it is a shame for any man of worth to call his home.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

DEC. 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction: Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an

* Archbishop of Dublin. N.

opinion

opinion which has perhaps been aggrandised by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all scribblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius,* that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you, for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a pisspot †, than by a thunder bolt. As

* Or Pope with Tibbald, Concanen, Smedley, &c.
Dr. Warton

† Here is one of those vulgar and disgusting images, on which our author too much delighted to dwell. Dr. Delany, from his partiality

to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by apothecaries apprentices, by the under-strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s * himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L—— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a divine. Gay is writing tales for prince William; I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other, because he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than

Yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers: if you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The

partiality to Swift, is of opinion that the Dean caught his love of gross and filthy objects from Pope. The contrary seems to be the fact. One would think this love contagious; see two passages in the "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy," Letter II.

Dr. WARTON.

* Philips. BOWLES.

founder

founder of your sect,* that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble,† was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *animale rationale*, will not bear examination; define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

* Very different is the opinion that Lord Shaftesbury has given of Seneca, the person here alluded to. "'Tis not," says he finely, "the person, character, or genius, but the style and manner of this great man, which we presume to censure. We acknowledge his noble sentiments and worthy actions: we own the patriot and good minister: but we reject the writer. Where an universal monarchy was actually established, and the interest of a whole world concerned; he surely must have been esteemed a guardian angel, who, as a prime minister, could, for several years, turn the very worst of courts, and worst-conditioned of all princes, to the fatherly care and just government of mankind. Such a minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero." Characteristics, vol. iii. p. 23. Dr. WARTON.

† Seneca. WARBURTON.

FROM

FROM THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

DEAR DEAN, WEDNESDAY, [ABOUT 1725.]

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it, you were sure I should have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

TO LORD PALMERSTON,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.

MY LORD, DUBLIN, JAN. 1, 1725-6.

I AM desired by one Mr. Curtis, a clergyman of this town, to write to your lordship upon an affair he has much at heart, and wherein he has been very unjustly and injuriously treated. I do now call to mind what I hear your lordship has written hither, that you were pleased many years ago, at my recommendation, to give Dr. Ellwood a grant of a chamber in the college, which is at your disposal. For I had then some credit with your lordship, which I am told I have now lost, although I am ignorant

ignorant of the reason. I shall therefore only inform your lordship in one point. When you gave that grant, it was understood to continue during Dr. Ellwood's continuance in the college; but, he growing to be a senior fellow, and requiring more conveniencies, by changing one room, and purchasing another, got into a more convenient apartment, and therefore those who now derive under the doctor, have, during the doctor's life, the same property as if they derived under your lordship; just as if one of your tenants should let his holding to another, during the term of his lease, and take a more convenient farm. This is directly the case, and must convince your lordship immediately; for, Mr. Curtis paid for the chamber, either to the doctor, or to those who derived under him, and till the doctor dies, or leaves the college, the grant is good.

I will say nothing of Mr. Curtis's character, because the affair is a matter of short plain justice; and, besides, because I would not willingly do the young man an injury, as I happened to do to another whom I recommended to your lordship merely for your own service, and whom you afterward rejected, expressing your reason for doing so, that I had recommended him, by which you lost the very person of the whole kingdom who by his honesty and abilities could have been most useful to you in your offices here. But these are some of the refinements among you great men, which are above my low understanding. And, whatever your lordship thinks of me, I shall still remain

Your lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

FROM

FROM LORD PALMERSTON.

MR. DEAN, JAN. 15, 1725–6.

I SHOULD not give myself the trouble to answer your polite letter, were I as unconcerned about character and reputation as some are. The principles of justice I hope I have learned from those, who always treated you in another manner than you do me, even without reason.

You charge me with injury and injustice done Mr. Curtis; he is still in his chamber; till he is turned out, none is done him, and he is satisfied with my proceedings, and the issue I have put it on. Your interest with me (which if ever lost, such letters will not regain) procured Dr. Ellwood the use of that chamber, not the power to job it. Your parallel case of landlord and tenant will not hold, without Dr. Ellwood has a writing under my hand; if he has, I will fulfil it to a tittle; if not, he is as a tenant at will, and when he quits, I am at liberty to dispose of the premises again.

Whoever told you Mr. Stanton was dismissed, because you recommended him, told you a most notorious falsehood; he is the young man I suppose you mean. The true reason was, his demand of a large additional salary, more than he had before my time; so he left the office, and was not turned out.

My desire is to be in charity with all men; could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired into this matter, or if you had any regard to a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever

ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you had declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These refinements are past my low understanding, and can only be comprehended by you great wits.

I always thought in you I had a friend in Ireland, but find myself mistaken. I am sorry for it; my comfort is, it is none of my fault. If you had taken any thing amiss, you might have known the truth from me. I shall always be as ready to ask pardon when I have offended, as to justify myself when I have not. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

TO LORD PALMERSTON,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.*

MY LORD, JAN. 29, 1725–6.

I DESIRE you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to; I mean of reading this letter. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis, and if you had read that passage relating to his bad usage a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice he received were from those who

* This letter was formerly printed from Swift's rough draft, which he has dated Jan 31, and endorsed, "An answer to lord Palmerston's civil polite letter." But the present editor has been favoured with the loan of the original, in which are several material alterations. The noble lord, to whom it was addressed, has written on the back of it, "Not answered." N.

claimed

claimed a title to his chambers, took away his key, reviled and threatened to beat him, with a great deal more of the like brutal conduct. Whereupon at his request I laid the case before you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange if on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern, further than as he was employed by me on the character he bears of piety and learning; I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I knew from himself, and Mr. Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, it is certain no law can compel you; but to say the truth, I then had not law in my thoughts.

Now, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance, you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line, full of foul invectives, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms, and what title you have to give me such contumelious treatment who never did you the least injury, or received the least obligation from you. I own myself indebted to sir William Temple, for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But, I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house, on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him. This

I will

I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance. Yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them for ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it; for, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed in what you mention of Mr. Stanton, you have not been much better, that I declared no regard to the family (as you express it) was a restraint to me. I never had the least occasion to use any such words. The last time I saw you in London was the last intercourse I ever had with the family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I shall not be inquisitive to know my accusers.

When I mentioned my loss of interest with you I did it with concern, but I had no resentment, because I supposed it only to arise from different sentiments in public matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intentions, and I desire your pardon for it; if I have wit, I will keep it to show when I am angry, which at present I am not; because, though nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen has let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style, because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage: But as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor I am sure of a disposition to do me mischief, so I should lose the

merit of being bold, because I could incur no danger, if I gave myself a liberty which your ill usage seemed to demand. In this point alone we are exactly equal, but in wit and politeness I am ready to yield to you, as much as I do in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret, that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so, otherwise you would have been too cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence, but whether you will acquit yourself must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly upon occasion been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other, and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

My lord, your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

TUESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK,

DEAR SIR, APRIL 5, 1726.

I HAVE been at your lodgings* this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness begs the ho-

* Then in London. The Dean came hither in the beginning of April, 1726; and this invitation was almost immediately made by her royal highness, afterward queen Caroline. N.

nour

nour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time.

TO MR. WORRAL.

LONDON, APRIL 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the customhouse. Mr. Medlicott * will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more.

I hope you are all well.

I got no voice † at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.

JON. SWIFT.

* Thomas Medlicott, esq. representative in parliament for Westminster, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland. N.

† To sing in his cathedral at Dublin. N.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

SATURDAY EVENING.*

ONE of your Irish heroes, that from the extremity of our English land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's green. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a further account.

Your affectionate servant,
PETERBOROW.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, APRIL 28, 1726.

YOUR lordship having, at my request, obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole,† I accordingly

* Endorsed '1726, in summer.' N.

† When Dr. Swift was in England in 1726, he went to see sir Robert Walpole at Chelsea; which drew the notice of all the company: but no one knew him till sir Robert entered, who went up to him very obligingly. Swift, without rising up, or any other address, said, "For God's sake, sir Robert, take me out of that Ireland, and place me somewhere in England." — "Mr. Dean," said sir Robert, "I should be glad to oblige you; but I fear removing you will spoil your wit. Look on that tree (pointing to one

ingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever: and, because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

I failed very much in my design; for, I saw he had conceived opinions from the example and practices of the present, and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so

one under the window:) I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side; but it is good for nothing here." This happened some years before the Dean's Rhapsody appeared, where sir Robert has an ample share of his pointed ridicule. In a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727, the Dean says, "I forgave sir Robert Walpole a thousand pounds, *multa gemens*;" alluding to an order which he had, upon the exchequer, for that sum, a short time before the death of queen Anne, which was never paid. See also p. 330. N.

alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall, therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people, who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king* and his family.

First, That all persons born in Ireland are called and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge; it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principle employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; contrary to the practice of all other states in Europe

* King George I. N.

which

which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly that several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependents, to whom they give their countenance, and who consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman, in their family, born in England.

Fifthly, That all civil employments, grantable in reversion, are given to persons who reside in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who

can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink any thing better than sour milk or water, twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scotch plantation in the North, is a scene of misery and desolation, hardly to be matched on this side Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

About three hundred thousand pounds more are returned thither on other accounts: and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge, agree, that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But, as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more; so it must of necessity sink, under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice, how little the king gets by Ireland; it ought, perhaps, to be considered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thousand pounds a year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents, from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

The

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at most, but five hundred thousand pounds; so that above four fifths are paid every year into the exchequer.

I think it manifest, that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable, are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit: while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people, further than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from freeborn subjects, would be a question in any other country, except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness than can be shown in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider: especially because they have been all brought

brought upon that kingdom since the revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this paper to sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's
most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR, LONDON, JULY 8, 1726.

I HAVE had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnson's health, and as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physician advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from archdeacon Wall, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 1000l. which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to

to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole,* I scorned to ask him for it. But blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon further says, that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style, and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription, and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterward earl of Orford. H.

the

the castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, &c. of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans, and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend * with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine cellar in France, to pass away winter in †, and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could

* Ambrose Philips. H.

† Lord Bolingbroke invited the Dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire. H.

go

go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

TO MR. WORRALL.

TWICKENHAM, JULY 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the meantime borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises*. And indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of September, to renew my licence for another half

* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. Johnson's danger, in tenderness to the Dean. H.

year;

year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterward to Dr. Stephen's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery: which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than

than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable.

On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank.

When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on August the fifteenth to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Direct your letter still to Mrs. Rice, &c.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot poſſibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials.

As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule *, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power has been directly contrary, since I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

* Dr. Henry Maule, promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, Sept. 6, 1726; translated to Dromore, March 20, 1731; and to Meath, May 24, 1744. This most worthy man was one of the first promoters of the protestant charter schools in Ireland for the reception and education of children of papists, which have met with great success. F.

TO DR. STOPFORD.

TWITENHAM, NEAR LONDON.

DEAR JIM, JULY 20, 1726.

I HAD a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had sent me, which is now safe in Ireland, for which I heartily thank you, and Robert Arbuthnot swears it is an original. I did not answer you because I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12, N. S. yesterday; and since you are fixed at Paris, I venture to send you this, though Robert Arbuthnot be here. He has lately married a lady among us of 900l. a year, and I think will soon go to France; but I have chiefly lived about two months with Mr. Pope, since the town grew empty. I shall leave him the beginning of August, and so settle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my licence of half a year will be then out. I came here to see my old friends, and upon some business I had with two of them, which, however, proves to be of little consequence. The people in power have been civil enough to me; many of them have visited me. I was not able to withstand seeing the princess, because she had commanded, that whenever I came hither, as the news said I intended, that I should wait on her. I was latterly twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, and the second at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: But all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland, from whence upon the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed,

succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the first minister, and have never seen him since, and I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him. I am, besides, all to pieces with the lord lieutenant, whom I treated very roughly, and absolutely refused to dine with him. So that, dear Jim, you see how little I shall be able to assist you with the great ones here, unless some change of ministry should happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be some way instrumental. I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you.

I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland; and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after

such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing, from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.—They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden.—Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England; where it will be at least easier to find some repose, than upon the spot.

If I were your adviser, I would say one thing against my own interest; that if you must leave your college, for the reason you hint at, I think it would be better to live in England on your own estate, and the addition of one thousand pounds, and trust to industry and friends, and distinction here, than pass your days in that odious country, and among that odious people. You can live in a thrifty moderate way, and thrift is decent here; and you cannot but distinguish yourself. You have the advantage to be a native of London; here you will be a freeman and in Ireland a slave. Here your competitors will be strangers; there every rascal, your contem-

contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party.—Farewell again; though my head is now disturbed, yet I have had these thoughts about you long ago.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOOS OF TWICKENHAM.

JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN,* MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS.

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm,† and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business, will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

From the Banks of the Severn,
July 23, 1726.

* John Gay. H.

† The country residence of lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford in Middlesex. H.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

JULY 27, 1726.*

I HAVE yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. —Judge in what a temper of mind I write this.— The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body.—Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself.—I have passed a very constrained hour, and

* This was written from Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. H.

now

now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation, which could only make it tolerable. — I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral: she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago.*

TO MR. POPE.

LONDON, AUG. 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went back to Ireland; but Mrs. Johnson recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727. H.

would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: this I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart)

Entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

LONDON, AUG. 6, 1726.

AT the same time that I had your letter, with the bill (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the first of September, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the second of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out: and since it is not likely that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Chester,

Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire or Wales. However, you need not renew the licence till the first of September; and, if I come not, I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan I had his letter; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at Chester, whether I shall come over or not. I shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

TO THE SAME.

AUG. 15, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin, with moderate fortune, in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August:

gust; but however, if I am not with you by the second of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c. JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

AUG. 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man: you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Beside my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent: I shall never more think of lord Cobham's, the woods of Cicester,* or the pleasing prospect of

* Cirencester. BOWLES.

Byberry,

Byberry,* but your idea must be joined with them: nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure.† I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you

* Byburry. Bowles.

† Is it possible Pope could feel all this, or Swift believe it? Swift had been on a visit to Pope; but left him abruptly; as he says himself, because "two sick friends" cannot do together. Pope was perhaps fearful of some offence having been taken, and therefore shews the greater kindness and regret on his departure. Bowles.

are

are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I suspected any such usage from you I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

TO MRS. HOWARD.*

MADAM, SEPT. 1, 1726.

BEING perpetually teased with the remembrance of you, by the sight of your ring on my finger, my patience at last is at an end; and in order to be revenged, I have sent you a piece of Irish plaid, made in

* Henrietta, the eldest sister to John Hobart, first earl of Buckinghamshire, went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of Hanover, with her husband, the hon. Charles Howard, and became of the bedchamber to the electoral princess, afterwards princess

in imitation of the Indian, wherein our workmen are grown so expert, that, in this kind of stuff, they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies; and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle, and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance, that you may be clad in Irish stuff, and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament man from whence you had that plaid; otherwise, out of malice, they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers. I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the princess asks you where you got that fine nightgown, you are to say, that it is an Irish plaid sent you by the dean of St. Patrick's; who, with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to make her such another present, at the terrible expense of eight shillings and threepence per yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompence I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness's health drunk by five hun-

princess of Wales, and then queen Caroline. Upon the death of queen Anne, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at Leicester house. Some time after the accession of George II. her husband (who was one of the grooms of the bedchamber to king George I.) became earl of Suffolk, by the death of his brother Edward; and in a few years she retired from court. She survived her first husband (by whom she had one son Henry, who succeeded his father, and died without issue) and being countess dowager of Suffolk, married the hon. Mr. George Berkeley, brother to lady Betty Germain, in the year 1735. See lady Betty Germain's letter, dated July 12, 1735. N.

dred

dred weavers as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add, that I am no courtier, nor have any thing to ask. May all courtiers imitate me in that! I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for any thing is long without some disorder, at least that is the best argument I had for any thing that is good in my own.

I pray God preserve you; and entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

SEPT. 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for, to hear you were safe at yours journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us; he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not

not deny: but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it or you. I cannot help thinking, (when I consider the whole short list of our friends), that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor* goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time; another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France† to be fit for Wales: Another ‡ is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she § that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we

* Arbuthnot.

† Lady Bolingbroke was a French lady. N.

‡ Mrs. Howard. N.

§ It is the remark of an ingenious writer, that Swift, in his letters, has memorised the duchess of Marlborough with the pen of scorn; and Pope, under the character of Atossa, has depicted her with the pencil of hate. See Park's edition of "Royal and Noble Authors," vol. IV. p. 191. N.

please,

please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas; and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr. Pulteney takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he has only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To show you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence. "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in, shall be as those that are out; and those that are out, shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
*Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris,** ——

I am, and ever shall be,

Yours, &c.

* Whether Timavus or the Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast.
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

FROM

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 3, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my lord Chetwynd's; and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among your old friends, you have not many who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I do not like. Mr. Pope tells me that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you do not like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in London before you

you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectation be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas. The chief business of it being to give money, it may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much further they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, while all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no further into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, LONDON, SEPT. 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham, and wheresoever they would carry me: but as they will go to Wiltshire without me, on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go further from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broke down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks, he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed.* The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the

* See lord Bolingbroke's account of this accident, in his letter dated Sept. 22, 1726, p. 357. H.

singer, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for at that time, he was going every other day to Windsor park to visit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered, so that I was prevented from seeing of him by going out of town. I dined and supped on Monday last with lord and lady Bolingbroke, at lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London, with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday, by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. Pope will follow your instructions. Mr. Lancelot sent for the spectacles you left behind you, which were delivered to him. Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him, mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up. I intend to see Mr. Pope to-morrow or on Sunday. I have not seen Mrs. Howard a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time; if I could, while you

are

are there, one of them should be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
and servant,

J. GAY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, SEPT. 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French king, which the king confining him to, he brought

a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negociation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has written about it. Mr. Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning; coming late, two weeks ago, from lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been likely to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and likely to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection to an ungrateful man as

you

you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest.

My dear friend, farewell.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LONDON, SEPT. 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER,* who says he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder † letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse then, which I can plead for writing now is, that the letter will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, a block of timber

* George Faulkner. F.

† A Chedder letter, is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at Chedder in Somersetshire, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk, or fresh cream; of which one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale. H.

on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand * was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André says, there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear, that Dr. Arbuthnot says, that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end: which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

* Dr. Arbuthnot, p. 356, says, he was hurt in the left hand. The Doctor probably knew best. N.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, WHITEHALL, OCT. 22, 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers: for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so; the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before;* but I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him.

In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. Howard, and some of Mr. Pulteney, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook: and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find is owing to a neg-

* In the letter of Sept. 16, Gay says no tendon is cut: he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him. H.

ligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stewpan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I should be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised; however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I will venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guildhall improved. I have not a friend who has got any thing under my administration, but the duchess of Queensbury, who has had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Collinson* so kindly, will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He has been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my fables soon after Christmas. The doctor's book † is entirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you will expect

* A great friend of lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope. He married the widow of John earl of Winchelsea. B.

† Arbuthnot's Tables of ancient Coins, &c. B.

that

that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenser's Fairy Queen. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford:* Mr. Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke has been to make a visit to sir William Wyndam. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. Howard† were not come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to-day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to lord B ————, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean lord Burlington, he is not yet returned from France, but he is expected every day. If you mean lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one

* Dr. James Stopford, fellow of Trinity college, Dublin; and advanced to the bishopric of Cloyne in February 1753. N.

† Afterwards countess of Suffolk, from whom Gay at this time had expectations. H.

of

of them in St. James's Square, or to the other at Burlington-house in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney; and, I beg you in return, to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat and new buttons, for the birthday, though I do not know but a turn coat might have been more for my advantage.

Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own house in Pall mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt* for stewing veal:

" Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or steal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a stewing pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;
Then † what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle,
That which kill'd king Will,‡
And what never stands still;§
Some sprigs of that bed ||
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinnage and endive,

* This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. Pulteney's cook, mentioned in the former part of the letter, versified. H.

† Vulgo *salary*. GAY.

‡ Supposed *sorrel*. GAY.

§ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be *time* or *thyme*. GAY.

|| *Parsley*. See Chamberlayne. GAY.

And

And lettuce and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things small,
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal*
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see,—
Thrice as long as you preach †:
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill Dean and chapter!"

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, NOV. 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the captain Tom of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepusch about

* Of this composition see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean. GAY.

† Which we suppose to be near two hours. GAY.

it,

it, and writ three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers' names*, I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age, can write such a merry work.

I made my lord archbishop's † compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid ‡ for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Parnevelt § in time. I gave your service to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was writ on her, to the tune of

* To "Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations." B.

† Probably archbishop King of Dublin. B.

‡ The Dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, to Mrs. Howard, which were seized on by the princess. See p. 368.

§ This refers to "A Key to the Lock: or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled, the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, Apothecary." H.

Molly

Molly Mogg, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper * about quadrille, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms: it was not found out for a long time. The ladies imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they shall be undone with-

* Written by Mr. Congreve; and printed in Almond's Foundling Hospital for Wit, No. 93. N.

out

out it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas. and get Mr. dean Berkeley * to be our manager.

I had the honour to see lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My family, thank God, are pretty well, as far as I know, and give their service. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,
JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM MR. POPE.

NOV. 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other †, like useless dependants, who only take up room, and never

* He formed a design of fixing a university in the Bermudas, See note on Bolingbroke's letter, dated July 24, 1725, p. 279. H.

† This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot, which, in passing through a river, the bridge

never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them—I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London, since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte * received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach; by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your

bridge being broke down, was overturned. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning, when the footman who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces, a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously.

WARBURTON.

* An eminent bookseller, publisher of the Travels. N.

present

present to the princess. The Irish stuff * you sent to Mrs. Howard, her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say of Mr. Pulteney, by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.†

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs: let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

* Warton observes, that "The Dean at this time courted the princess, and was in hopes of getting his Irish deanery changed for some preferment in England." This is true: but Warton goes a step too far when he thinks he was not brought "on this side the water, because Sir Robert Walpole dreaded his abilities." BOWLES.

† "To follow any party leader's call." S.

I wish

I wish you had writ to lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate toward you. Do not fancy none but tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

NOV. 1726.*

I DID not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.† I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that

* Endorsed, "Nov. 1726. Answered 17th." N.

† See Gulliver's Travels. H.

care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,* and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the big-endians, and lesser-endians, ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.† May we not hope, and with some probability

* In Gulliver's Travels, high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties. H.

† This alludes to a famous impostor, Mary Toft, of Godalming, in Surry, called the rabbit woman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others,

bability expect, that in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am sir, your most humble servant.

SIEVE YAHOO.*

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, NOV. 17, 1726.

WHEN I received your letter I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down, you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although, at the same time, I thought it hard to be

others, upon St. André, the surgeon who attended on Mr. Pope, (p. 358.) and who was her advocate in print.—sir Richard Manningham was also deceived by her. Nor so Mr. Dillingham the apothecary, who, on feeling her pulse, pronounced that she was not in labour, and laid a wager with St. André of twenty guineas, that in a limited time the cheat would be discovered. It was so, and Mr Dillingham laid out that money on a piece of plate, on which he had three rabbits engraved as a memorial. N.

* Sieve is a name given by Swift, in Gulliver's Travels, to a court lady. N.

forced to read a book of seven hundred pages, in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness, that you are a mercenery Yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, further than to shew the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me; which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices, and magnify the virtues, of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which, I suppose, was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length

length of my foot, and sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs buttered or poached; but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world, with respect to eggs, is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal, that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: But rabbits being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram, by which is meant the ministry, butting with his two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or which is the same thing, chief minister to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin

it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words, I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, NOV. 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called Gulliver's Travels, of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,* and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors † least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part,

* This was the fact, which is complained of in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works, and is rectified in all the subsequent editions. N.

† Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society. WARBURTON.

he

he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit: so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly.

Adieu

FROM MR. GAY.

NOV. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week: and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man.* Your friend, my lord Harcourt, com-

* It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species; as it injures virtue, and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt and worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles and tends to excuse his practice. WARBURTON.

mends

mends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The duchess dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes: and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she should give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess has read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed lords and commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it has not, I believe what we have

have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine primâ*; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at furthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley: and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B — hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo,* and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is,

* By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work. Dr. WARTON.

to

to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

SIR, NOV. 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the yahoo language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the * doctor takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an

* Probably Arbuthnot.

eloquent

eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names just upon the appearance of a certain book.* Women bring forth rabbits; † and every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded, not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling magician,‡ who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes: at one time a drapier;§ at another a Wapping surgeon;‖ sometimes a nardack, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets, in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what

* Gulliver's Travels. H.

† Mary Tofts pretended to do this, see p. 370; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected. H.

‡ The Dean. H.

§ In the drapier's letters against Wood's halfpence. H.

‖ Lemuel Gulliver. H.

mutations

mutations among the Lilliputians! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain Gulliver: she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now who but captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment.

Sir,

Your affectionate tar.

TO MR. POPE.

DEC. 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockies, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present;* which when it is done to those

* The present to the princess of Wales of Irish snuff.

BOWLES.

of

of high rank, ought to be something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr. Pulteney. Besides it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependance a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a prince or minister will see us or not: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses * I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve; and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind as to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

* A just character of Swift's poetry, as well as his prose, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style, "the rogue never hazards a figure." Dr. WARTON.

This

This moment I am so happy as to have a letter from my lord Peterborow, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.*

Yours, &c. JON. SWIFT.

TO MRS. HOWARD.*

MADAM,

MY correspondents have informed me, that your ladyship has done me the honour to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party have

* This letter must have been written about the end of the year 1726.

made

made to my Travels, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom, they say, I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a maid of honour? And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt; but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgement of your favour to my book and person. I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust most of the valuable furniture of the royal aparment when the palace was on fire, and by mistake brought it with me into England; for I very honestly restored to their majesties all their goods that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and my being, madam, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.*

DE DAWLEY, CE PREMIER FEVRIER, 1726–7.

ON m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point reçû de mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ai celle de vous écrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître, l'idée que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ai eu celui de voir votre révérence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain M. de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ci éteint par l'air de Londres, & par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit. Je voulus me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire, mais je tombai malade, & je l'ai toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, du premier retour de ma santé pour vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, & pour vous dire un mot de nom ami M. Gulliver. J'apprends avec une grand satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François, & comme mon séjour en Angleterre a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays & pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent partici-

* A French lady of great fortune, learning, and politeness, second wife to lord viscount Bolingbroke, who married her whilst in exile. She had been second wife of the marquis de Villette, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire, Siécle de Louis XIV. tom. II. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke survived her; dying December 15, 1751, aged 78. H.

per au plaisir que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, & profiter de ses découvertes. Je ne désespére pas même que 12 vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent être destinés à une embassade chez messieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je sai bon gré à un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames (lesquelles comme vous savez, monsieur, font ici un grand usage de leurs éventails) en a fait faire, ou toutes les aventures de notre véridique voyageur sont dépeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera à la vérité beaucoup de tort à la pluie & au beautems, qui en remplissoient une partie, & en mon particulier je sera privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les seuls mots que j'entends. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin ; ce que je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les Françoises. Le seigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, & moi sommes ici occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainsi soit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monsieur; j'attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, & le cochon le plus gras, qui soit dans ma ferme : l'un & l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre révérence, crainte que mon cuisinier n'use aucun déguisement. Vous brillerez parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos chanoines, nous ne serons pas moins empressés à vous plaire. Je le disputerai a tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde votre très humble & très obeissante servante.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.*

MR. Pope m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de théâtre en France, tirées soi-disant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles sont détestables: mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien réussi chez nous qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse: il se plaint et boude de ce que vous êtes parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, où vous ne dites pas un mot pour lui: mais je vous crois comme les coquettes, qui se fiant à leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés à la première lettre et encore plus aisément à la première espérance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien, et nous serons content, je ne m'aviserai pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci: Je suis étrangère de plus en plus, et je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

* Endorsed, "Lady Bolingbroke." N.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, FEB. 1, 1726–7.

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done: but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the princess and you; for such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: and I expect to find you are altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem; because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal highness,* against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night:—While I was caressing one of my Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger, so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to

* See Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to Lilliput, ch. IV. N.

a Sieve

a Sieve Yahoo,* for so you are pleased to call yourself. Pray tell sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court; for, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highness; therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, "That every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person." Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can say a civiler thing, let him; for I think it too much for me.

I have some title to be angry with you, for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more base, than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in person; when, at the same time, I feel myself, with the most entire respect,

Madam, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

* See Mrs. Howard's letter, Nov. 8, 1726. N.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FEB. 17, 1726–7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr. Stopford being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions, you will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. *Ah! où est Grillon?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of yours which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham; and these hopes, you flatter us enough to intimate, support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf? what matter if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that is enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella,* whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend, I cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's

* Mrs. Johnson died the month preceding the date of this letter. But, considering the tenderness with which the Dean was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression. F.

con-

conversation. I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I propose to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful B ——.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, WHITEHALL, FEB. 18, 1726–7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. Stopford: but however, I could not omit this occasion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I do not know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he has given me some hopes of seeing him again in the summer. He will give you an account of our negociations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to see you soon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. Stopford

can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard desires me to make her compliments; she has been in an ill state as to her health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my headach are much better. Mrs. Blount always asks after you. I refused supping at Burlington-house to-night, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. Bowrie told me this morning, that Pope had a cold, and that Mrs. Pope is pretty well. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others! Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

FROM MR. POPE.

MARCH 8, 1726–7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought: but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others, just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses, but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all of making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece like the mark of the fleet, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write, and if you were with

with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.** I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks, I am Glubdubdrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this; she has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

* "It is not ours such factions to compose." P.

TO MR. WALLIS.

SIR, DUBLIN, APRIL 8, 1727.

I AM just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him six hundred pounds, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England.

I am ever yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

MR. POPE TO W. FORTESCUE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, TWIT'NAM, MAY 2, 1727.

DR. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c. Lord Peterborow and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, &c. I wish you were here to know him.* I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them. Many good wishes of mine attend you. May no similar accident, such as a fall from your horse by day, or a sprain in your back by night, retard your return to us!

Your faithful and ever affectionate servant,
A. POPE.

* In a subsequent letter, May 16, 1727, Mr. Pope tells Mr. Fortescue, "There is nobody with me but the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would be hardly here if he were not the best natured and indulgent man I know; it is so melancholy a way of passing his time. I could be glad to see you, if you have a day of leisure, and indeed there are few friends to whom I could make this request."

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

LONDON, MAY 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened. I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold: I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.—We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans: a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends not to go to France (as I intended for two months) for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.—I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr. P——; his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him. I hear no news about your bishops, further than that the

lord

lord lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess * twice this week by her own commands; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book,† though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased. — You will wonder to find me say so much of politics, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

* Caroline, princess of Wales, afterward queen, consort of George II. H.

† Gulliver's Travels. H.

FROM

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MAY 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday with you and Mr. Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat,* and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you showed me, mention is made of the author of Three Occasional Letters,† a person entirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

FRIDAY MORNING.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min —— character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend dean. I embrace Pope.

* Dawley. B.

† Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in February 1720. H.

TO

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, MAY 18, 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by some letters just come to my hands, that at your grace's visitation of the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it: but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my subdean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is: and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour, beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past. This has something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful,

useful against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds: and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace has often said, "You would never infringe "any of our liberties." I will call back nothing of what is past: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a license to be absent. Neither my age, health humour or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure, I do from your grace. And I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that the occasion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your lordship, I am, &c.

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.

†**†.*

In European characters and English thus:

The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the East,

Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have set our able and trusty nardac KOORBNILOB, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Lilliputian tongue. D. S.

the

the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And lest any apprehensions of famine among us, should render nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

PRINCE EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilliputian era.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

SIR, FRIDAY 1.

I SEND you here enclosed two letters, one for Mr. de Morville, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. de Maisons, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In case you resolve to go by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniences. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution; I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble obedient faithful servant,

VOLTAIRE.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE,

AU COMPTE DE MORVILLE, MINISTRE ET SECRÉTAIRE D'ÉTAT À VERSAILLES.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'ici d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long temps sans vous faire ses sincéres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le célébre monsieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous présenter une de mes lettres. Je sai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu' à vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui lui sont attribués. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je crois que vous ne serez pas faché de diner avec monsieur Swift, et monsieur le président Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincère attachement à votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous présenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et les plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualités.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond re-

spect, et un attachement rempli de la plus haute estime,

Monseigneur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

LONDON, JUNE 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I transcribe the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to desire, that as chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit.* I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much

* His royal highness George prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin.

more

more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the king's* death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time: when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called whig or tory, and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop† goes on to proceed

* King George I. H. † Dr. William King. H.

to *sub pœna contemptûs*, etc. I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value three pence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent* in Ship street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

SATURDAY, AT POPE'S, JUNE 24, 1727.

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you if I see you, and leave for you if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker

* Rev. Mr. John Worrall. H.

after

after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me: one of whom never made his fortune and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, *& faire le guerre à l'oeil.* There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for consequences. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford from the Pall-mall.

I shall be returned again to London on Monday evening.

FROM THE SAME.

CRANFORD, TUESDAY.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly sur abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel and bitters, waters and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken give him the noble

noble pretension of dangling away life in an anti-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other men's follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord * is returned, my kindest services to him.

FROM THE SAME †

SUNDAY.

YOU may be sure of Letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons.

* Mr. Pope, the Dean being at Twickenham. N.

† Endorsed "Lord Bolingbroke, on my going to France, about June 1727." N.

On

On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall Mall, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, JULY 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your Persius; he is frequently sick, and so at this time; he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to show the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author: I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word *(concacatus)* which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances

cumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something Worral writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, am something better; cider and champaign and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he and his secretary * are discontented with the provost,† but they find he has law on his side. The king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to lord Bathurst, in St. James's square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr.

* Samuel Molyneux, esq. † Rev. Mr. Baldwin.

Synge.

Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me, that it is in the archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, *&c.* I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do, and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for: she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

DE M. L'ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.*

A PARIS, LE 4 JUILLET, 1727.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de édition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François. Je vous aurois envoyé la première, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons que je ne puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la préface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de édition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux mémoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidelle; mais tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le même agrément; soit parceque les moeurs sont différentes soit, parceque les allusions et les allégories, qui sont sensibles dans un pays, ne le sont pas dans un autre; soit enfin parceque le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut à leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu tra-

* Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines, born at Rouen in Normandy, June 29, 1685, entered into the society of the Jesuits in 1700; but quitted it fifteen years after. He lived some years with the cardinal d'Auvergne; and died at Paris Dec. 16, 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his "Observations sur les Ouvrages Modernes" in 33 volumes; and his "Jugement sur les Ecrits Nouveaux in 11 volumes. H.

ducteur

ducteur libre et peu fidelle. J'ai même pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que votre imagination échauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été débitée ici avec une rapidité étonnante, et dont il y a déjà trois éditions. Je suis pénétré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, que si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfaisoit pas entièrement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la préface; au surplus, je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendûe dans la même préface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience.

On ne parle ici que de votre arrivée, et tout Paris souhaite de vous voir. Ne différez pas notre satisfaction: vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infiniment. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de votre amitié, et vous prie d'etre persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de considération et d'estime, votre très humble, et très obeissant serviteur,

L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Mr. Arbuthnot a bien voulû se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

À M. L'ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'aye recu votre lettre du 4e Juillet, monsieur; mais l'exemplaire de la 2de édition de votre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ai lû la préface de la première; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'aye été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous avez, trouvé à propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de déplaire à quelques uns de nos ministres, et que je n'ai jamais avoué. Cette plainte, que je fais de votre conduite à mon égard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut-être, que leur réputation dépend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles précautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint, de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez être plein de polissoneries, de sottises, de puérilités &c. Nous convenons ici, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le même. Mas nous sommes portés à croire, que le bon goût est le même par tout, où il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement & de sçavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur Gulliver ne sont calculés que pour les isles Britanniques, ce voyageur

ageur doit passer pour un très pitoyable écrivain. Les mêmes vices & les mêmes folies regnent par tout; du moins, dans tous les pays civilisés de l'Europe: & l'auteur, qui n'écrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou même un siècle, merite si peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne mérite pas d'être lû.

Les partisans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laissent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son mérite de certaines modes ou manières de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les folies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique; et vous serez sans doute surpris de sçavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son sérieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration simple et naive, les avantures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses qu'il a vûes, ou entendues dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant à l'article qui regarde miloid Carteret, sans m'informer d'où vous tirez vos mémoires, je vous dirai, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la vérité; et que ce Drapier, ou réel ou supposé, a sauvé l'Irlande, en menant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au dépens du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivés, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France présentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de re-

trouver un autre occasion. Je sçais, que j'aye perdû beaucoup, et je suis très sensible à cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporterai mieux le pays, auquel la fortune m'a condamne.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

TWICKENHAM, JULY 9, 1727, BETWEEN CHURCH AND DINNER TIME.

MADAM,

MR. Gay, by your commands, as he says, showed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt, whose case I know very well, and pity very much; but I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you, further than your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt, that I had not the least interest with the friend's friend's friend of any body in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years, by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough, to remember, that a man must have got many degrees above the power of recommending himself, before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be sure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general

general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt, that if she had friends, it were best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say, that when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependant, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: For I take the matter thus; that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration, but great personal favour is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in the world, who, if they saw your dog use me kindly, would, the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and being assured that a word of mine to you would do any thing, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the speaker, to speak to sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the king, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myself, which is in your gift, if it be not disposed of; I mean the perquiste of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell to good advantage to the bandbox and trunk makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope writ to you upon the occasion of Mrs. Pratt's letter; but they will not show me what is writ: Therefore I will not trust them, but resolved to justify myself; and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preserve your eye sight; but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of your

truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

TWITENHAM GARRET, THURSDAY MORN. AT NINE.

MADAM PATT,

YOU are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the enclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to wait on you to day, after so rainy a night and so suspicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours*; but I, with the greatest respect, madam,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray do not give a copy of this letter to Curll the bookseller.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[AUGUST 1727.] TUESDAY.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the Craftsman has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn newswriter, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occasional Writer, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs; and in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

TO DR. SWIFT.*

THURSDAY.

LORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I

* It does not appear who was the writer of this short letter. Perhaps Mr. Pulteney.

have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

MR. PULTENEY TO MR. POPE.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, TUESDAY MORNING.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliments, and when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour: if she does well and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever yours.

W. P.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.*

REVEREND SIR, PARIS, AUG. 1, 1727.

MR. Hook having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine

* Endorsed by the dean, "Scotch author in France."

a per-

a performance of mine,* I take this occasion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit, is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world; where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant.

A. RAMSAY.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

AUGUST, 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good natured view? or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if *poison* or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own

* The Travels of Cyrus.

word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, AUG. 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with lord Oxford* from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt. If my disorder should keep me longer than my license of absence

* Son of the late right honourable Robert Harley, lord high treasurer of England, created earl of Oxford and Mortimer by queen Anne.

lasts,

lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the sixth or seventh of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my licence what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood;* and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder, that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday.——Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall however set out in the midst of September, as I designed. — This is a long letter for an ill head: so adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

* Richmond.

TO

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, TWICKENHAM, AUG. 15, 1727.

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headach. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year: but I would not show it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you; and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true: that talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, "I was an odd sort of a man."

But

But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes.

I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know: and for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself.

I am, &c.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, TWICKENHAM, AUG. 19, 1727.

ABOUT two hours before you were born I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surry, where I used to read and ——, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you; and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to shew my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boast that your disorders never made you peevish. Where is the virtue when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myself, nobody caring threepence what I suffered, or whether I were hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy

is

is twelve times better than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains, beside all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater. Thus have I most fully answered your queries. I wish the poison were in my stomach (which may be very probable, considering the many drugs I take), if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter. But ladies who have poison in their eyes, may be apt to mistake in their reading.*—O! I have found it out; the word *person* I suppose was written like poison.—Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it if they had any of my letters to show. I make nothing of mistaking untoward for Howard; wellpull for Walpole; knights of a share, for knights of a shire; monster, for minister; in writing speaker, I put an *n* for a *p*; and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I write nonsense, I can assure you it is genuine, and not borrowed. Thus I write by your commands; and beside, I am in duty bound to be the last writer. But, deaf or giddy, hearing or steady, I shall ever be, with the truest regard,

Madam,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant
JON. SWIFT.

* See Mrs. Howard's letter, p. 423.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, AUG. 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case as well as I knew it to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new license

license about the beginning of October, when my old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London on the other side toward the sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury Plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this license run like the former [To Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health, nor grief will permit me to say more: your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his house in New Bond street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

TO THE SAME.

LONDON, SEPT. 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had

had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event: but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ*; but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over,* that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end;

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. H.

and

and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR, TWICKENHAM, SEPT. 6, 1727.

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you, and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend Dr. Arbuthnot assures me, he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniâtreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his house.

I have

I have suggested to him the remedy you mention: and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited: and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, sir, your truly affectionate and obedient servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I desire you to continue it to one, who is no way ungrateful.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise

insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not go to you. Believe nobody, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

TO MR. WORRALL.

LONDON, SEPT. 12, 1727.

I HAVE not writ to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistrè hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniet (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all call of money in your power

to

to Mrs. Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my license, I am afraid. Therefore two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myself.* I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon, or alderman Pearson, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours, *&c.*

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to Ireland; and Mrs. Johnson, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of January, 1727-8, in the 44th year of her age. H.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM, SEPT. 1727.

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life.

I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours.*

* The Dean's opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places, and it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some event subsequent to this letter, though he was never afterwards in England. See the verses on his own death, and the letters of lady Betty Germain, dated Nov. 7. 1732; and Feb 8. 1732–3. H.

FROM MR. POPE.

OCTOBER 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease, to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland which might occasion your so sudden departure:*

* Swift left Twickenham without assigning any reason. He afterwards said, the cause of his leaving his friends so abruptly was because, "*two sick*" persons could not agree: in reality, the cause was, his agonized feelings, which he kept to himself, respecting the illness of Mrs. Johnson. BOWLES.

for, the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you: nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good.

Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

DUBLIN, OCT. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and have no where to retire. I therefore thought it

it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write a Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my license expiring. Surely beside all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of

both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accompts: so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the "day of judgment was nearer, than ever it had been "before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipse tibi parabis.** You see Horace wishes for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

* "Let Jove give health, give riches, you shall find
An inward treasure in an equal mind."

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

DOVER-STREET,

REVEREND SIR, OCTOBER 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the Spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of old age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the Spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written to him to that purpose.

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

OCT. 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and in so clandestine a manner; yet, by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of every thing that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate street: no doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Chester tell us, that you met captain Lawson;* the captain was a man of vera-

* Commander of the king's Dublin yacht. H.

city,

city, and set sail at the time he told you; I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day; besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead;* but, considering it was there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were further told, that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous: when, to my great

* When the Dean was there, waiting for a wind, one Weldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the dean answered in writing, that, if he had found it out, he must apply to the lords of the admiralty, of whom perhaps one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his own uncle Godwin) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or other might happen to him. In vol. XVI. p. 424, are some verses by the Dean, written on the window of the inn whilst he was detained at Holyhead. N.

joy

joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonshire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties —— and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health.

But why should we tell you what you know already? The queen's* family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman usher to the princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting;† and I have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be dis-

* Queen Caroline, consort of king George II. N.

† This appointment was treated by all the friends of Gay, as a great indignity; and he is said to have felt the disappointment very severely, and was too much dejected on the occasion. N.

appointed.

appointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera* is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I wrote him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem† (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers) my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we lived in? Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air;
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem.‡ Adieu.

* The Beggar's Opera. N.

† The Dunciad. N.

‡ We see by this, with what judgment Pope corrected and erased. WARBURTON.

TO MR. POPE.

OCTOBER 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the postoffice. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers, who writ much better upon virtue, than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twitenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health: you pay dearly for the great talents God has given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in

in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy "heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *if we have sown unto you spiritual things is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* this is more proper still if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason, (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by

by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great duke of Tuscany, showing one of the duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the duke well, said, the meaning of *real good,* was only that the other might turn a good catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman. Adieu.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, NOV. 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will

will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good natured man, I ever have known; I could argue out this paper. — I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and talebearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.*

Now why does not Pope publish his Dulness?

* Let every expectant of preferment in church and state carefully attend to, and remember the *five* reflections of a man well versed in courts. Dr. WARTON.

the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my lord St. John does; there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas? How is the doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût.*

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro,* as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the lord lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying:* I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer,

* A hint that might have been worked up with much humour; as was the quarrel of Locket and Peachum. Dr. WARTON.

swer, Let it be the most worthy, *&c.* We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, "That was levelled at me," when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them.* I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers ——

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto.† Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster, and university lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

I will

* Some of these songs that contained the severest satire against the court were written by Pope; particularly,

"Thro' all the Employments of Life;"

and also,

"Since Laws were made," &c. Dr. Warton.

† This was miss Lavinia Fenton. She afteward became duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable, and well made; though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old lord Bathurst, and lord Granville. Quin thought the success of this opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Macheath,

I will excuse sir —— the trouble of a letter: when ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years, the emperor answered, That he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

Macheath, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been damned, till Polly sung in a most tender and affecting manner, the words,

"From the rope that hangs my dear
"Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterward married her. Dr. WARTON.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, NOV. 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the enclosed comes from; and I hope will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or your friends have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I do not stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest (or do you think that I could have, or procure any) with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain Innes, I think in colonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He had made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smith-

a Smithfield one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was writ from Spain, to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some of them told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, *&c.* The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, *&c.*

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

In London, Maiden Lane, at the White Peruke,
Covent Garden, Dec. 14, 1727.

SIR,

YOU will be surprised in receiving an English essay* from a French traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland, about some subscriptions for the Henriade; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

* An essay on the civil wars of France, which he made the foundation of his Henriade, an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile, in Paris, but being released about the year 1725, he came to England, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and a half he had made himself master of our language: and in 1727, when the latter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with an essay on the epic poetry of the European nations, from Homer to Milton. H

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dulness to my lord lieutenant. My lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the Henriade. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the Miscellanea; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

TO MRS. MOORE.

DEANERY-HOUSE,
DEC. 27, 1727.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world, that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune;

tune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those, who love us, with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one * of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age; so that according to the general dispensations of God Almighty you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And

* Charles Devenish, esq.

religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation showing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things; and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life!

I fear my present ill disposition both of health and mind

mind has made me but a sorry comforter:* however, it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear madam,

your most obedient,

and humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected.

END OF VOL. XI.

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